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THE TAMMANY TIGER STRUNG UP.—[FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES J. FAGAN.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 2, 1871.

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PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS.

As the year ends there is little doubt that the candidate of the Republican party will be the next President. It is probably the conviction of all sagacious observers that, by whatever party or combination elected, he will, in any case, be a Republican. It is clear that the Democratic party, after its apparent revival since the war, has no hearty hold upon the people. In Massachusetts, where the labor reformers and the temperance parties nominated candidates, the proof of the unity of the Republican party was prodigious, and probably the real majority in that State of the party which Mr. Phillips declares to be dead is not less than a hundred and twenty thousand, if it were fully polled. In New Jersey, where the Democratic candidate for Governor was elected by more than four thousand majority, it is doubtful if the majority of votes cast for the Legislature is not Republican, showing that purely personal considerations affected the vote for Governor, and that the State will declare for the Republican Presidential candidate. Even in Maryland the result shows a Republican activity and growth which are full of hope and promise. Indeed, if it is remembered that this is the third year of the Presidential term, which is traditionally the weakest year, the general defeat of the Democratic party is more significant than any which it has ever encountered.

The evidence of this is seen in the conviction of the Democratic leaders, which is not concealed, that the only hope lies in a union with certain Republicans, and the nomination of what is called a moderate, or conservative, Republican. We have already mentioned that this plan has been suggested by various Democratic orators and papers in different parts of the country, and that it is undoubtedly the subject of very grave consideration. There is little to add to what we have said about it. The Democratic party would enter such a coalition as the lion, and it would have the lion's share. The Republicans who entered it would only bring the Democrats into power. Nor could such a coalition change the real tendencies of the two parties. Its success would restore the ascendency of the Bourbon element in the Southern Democratic party, because the moderates, who now apparently control it, as in Georgia, where Mr. Toombs and Mr. Stephens consider themselves temporarily beaten, would immediately, with the party again in power, yield to the positive leaders. The new Administration would immediately remove every disability, and the Bourbons, turning upon the moderate Democrats who have acquiesced and been pardoned, would say that by receiving a pardon the moderates had confessed a crime, while they, the Bourbons, without confession, had regained every right. Such a position, if the party were in control of the national government, would at once restore to the Bourbons their lost leadership. Much of this untoward result would be obviated, however, as it was in Missouri, if the Republicans should remove all disabilities; and the Republican party is strong enough, even if it is not wise enough, to be magnanimous.

What the American people oppose in the Democratic party are the theories and hates which preceded and which have survived the war. That the Republicans have done all that they might have done to mollify those feelings, we certainly do not say. They have not done all that we wish they had. But that they can justly be held responsible for the angry and morbid situation in many parts of the Southern States, is an absurd assertion. It is their misfortune, but it is not their fault, that there have been so much incompetency and corruption in many of the new State governments. Yet their policy of reconstruction was the true policy. If it introduced unfortunate elements into the politics of those States, it was, nevertheless, inevitable, and it is to a situation which the Democratic ascendency had produced that the misfortune is due. The Democratic party is fatally associated with principles and practices which well-nigh ruined all that is most precious to the American people. They do not forget it. They do not trust the party, and in this generation they will not trust it again.

This distrust is too deep to be at present removed. The facts are too recent, the wounds too fresh; and a coalition, of which the Democratic party would be the chief element, would be opposed like the party itself. The popular intelligence and resolution which baffled Andrew Johnson, and which have indicated the American principle in the New York election, would be aroused to overwhelming strength against such a coalition as is suggested. The people, who thoroughly understand the war and its results, would no more suffer the enemy to return under such a mask, however Republican might be its name, than they suffered it under Andrew Johnson, who was elected by Republicans: and the prospect, therefore, seems to be a continued Republican ascendency, until the present Democratic party has disappeared, or until both parties crumble, and recombine in other forms. But the condition of this ascendency is Republican unity, and the question is, whether, as is alleged by many intelligent Republicans, some of them long honored and trusted, the candidacy of the President would fatally disturb that harmony.

In answering this question the one point to determine is that of general confidence. If the great mass of the Republican party are, upon the whole, satisfied with the results of the administration, and believe General Grant to be an honest man aiming to do his duty, it will be of no use to declare to them that he is not so good a representative of certain party ideas and tendencies as some whom the objectors believe that they could name. Now of the fact of this confidence we do not believe that there is any doubt whatever. Every effort to implicate the President personally in questionable transactions has been not only a total failure, but a contemptible failure. The people would not have voted as they have during the autumn if they thought the President to be a thief or a speculator prostituting his office. The assertion that he degrades the civil service is effectually answered by the fact that he is the only President who has seriously addressed himself to a radical reform of the present system, and will fight it out upon the line of that reform.

That appointments have been made which many of the best Republicans regret, is true; but it is not true that the *personnel* of this administration compares unfavorably with that of any other. Thus the gentlemen appointed upon the San Domingo Commission, upon the Commission that negotiated the Treaty of Washington, and those who have been sent to the Geneva Court of Arbitration are such as Washington would have called to similar duties in his day. To hold the President personally responsible for all the infamies of the civil service, with which he is now preparing to deal, because he has seen what they are, is to hold him responsible for a system to which all our later Presidents have submitted, and which none but he has ever thought of disturbing.

To this general confidence in the honesty and purpose of the President must be added the feeling for the soldier who is chiefly associated with the overthrow of the rebellion. This is a feeling which is not due to a political beating of the war drum—it is a natural emotion. Beyond this there is the same general confidence in the honest purpose of his Cabinet, which is probably one of the most harmonious councils ever gathered about a President. Then the results of the administration—the lessening debt and diminishing taxation at home, and the happy settlement of the great questions abroad, deepen and confirm that confidence. All these things are identified with the head of the Administration; and as no candidate can be mentioned who is really "stronger," in the party sense, and as a secession of any great number of Republicans to restore the Democratic party to power is not very probable, we do not believe that the renomination of the President would seriously threaten the unity of the Republican party, or endanger Republican success.

THE TAMMANY JUDGES.

The revolution which has overthrown Tammany will not have done even its immediate work until it has purified the bench. In every free country the courts of law are the last peaceful resort, and when they fail, there is nothing before it but anarchy. The character of some of the judges in New York has long been known as that of the Tammany Ring was known. Of them also, as of the Ring, it was said that whatever the suspicion might be, nothing was proved. But the proof against Tammany has been produced, and with results. The proof against the judges will not, we hope, be long wanting, and that also will then be produced, and with similar results. Indeed, it is unquestionable that so vital and momentous a revolution was never accomplished so swiftly and so peacefully. It was only last spring that, in an article upon the empire of the Ring, we described the ingenious net of despotism in which the city and State were entangled. No part was wanting. Judges to whom liberty and right instinctively appeal wore the chains of Tammany over their ermine; and the amendments to the code sought to clothe venal judges with absolute power over the freedom of the citizen.

Two years ago, when the Ring charter was only designed, a Democratic lawyer, over whom Tammany had thrown its blandishments, said that if the Republican majority in the Legislature would only impeach certain judges, the best part of the Democratic party would sustain the impeachment. Even the *World* spoke of judges who sell injustice for a price. An article in the *North American Review*, in July, 1867, understood to be written by Mr. Shearman, who has since appeared as one of the Erie counsel, exposed with masterly fidelity some of the secrets of the corrupt bench and the conduct of Ring judges. The letters of General Barlow to Mr. David Dudley Field made certain terrible assertions, which have never been refuted. The public consciousness of the corruption of certain judges was a whip of fire in the hands of the Ring, for those with whom it was enraged knew that it held judges in pay like hounds in a leash.

And now that public justice and morality have overtaken the master, let it not spare the man. The mean and mercenary Tammany tyranny was openly and notoriously corrupt. The Ring smiled at the idea of principle, or the suggestion of honesty and honor. But the Tammany judges sat, as it were, veiled. It is not easy to believe in a bench of scoundrels. They sat in seats with which the sentiment of a free country associates essential dignity and rectitude. Their power was enormous. They could give the sanctity and finality of law to theft and every kind of corruption. Nobody doubts that they gave it. Nobody doubts that the monstrous schemes of the Ring were pursued so recklessly because it relied upon the judges whom it had bought with stolen money. Meanwhile the reputation of the New York bench, however pure and able many of its magistrates, has been fatally sullied by these men. "New York law" is a phrase of contempt. No honest judge in the country would think of alluding to a Tammany magistrate except as a warning and an illustration of what should never be seen in the courts until we are ready to lose all our liberties, and to slay justice upon its own altar.

The duty of the Bar Association is plain. It is an association of lawyers whose professed object is the purification of their profession in this city. In this city, as those lawyers know, are corrupt judges. Before those judges those lawyers daily appear. They, more even than the rest of their fellow-citizens, are aware of the methods and details and rewards of the judicial corruption. So long as they are silent, they connive. So long as, knowing the fountain to be poisoned, they do not warn all men away, they betray the innocent to destruction. If the Bar Association proposes to allow its outraged manly and professional honor to exhale in resolutions, it will be overwhelmed with general contempt. We do not believe that it will. The meeting recently held showed some determined purpose. And if that association, in concert with the people and the Legislature, shall promptly cause the impeachment of the Tammany judges, instead of a name it will become a power. The public will know that there is an unsparing eye fixed upon the bench, and a remedial hand always ready, and corrupt judges will feel the admonishing terror of a justice that they can not escape.

WOMEN AS CITIZENS.

Chief Justice Cartter, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, has recently decided that, by the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution, women are made citizens in the fullest sense, but that, as there is no natural right to vote, the suffrage must be considered a franchise to be regulated by law; and, therefore, that women can not vote until they are specially enabled. Another local court in Washington many years ago unanimously asserted that one of the privileges and immunities mentioned in the Constitution was "to enjoy the elective franchise as regulated and established by the laws or Constitution of the State in which it is to be exercised." The advocates of equal political power for the two sexes hail the late decision as a triumph, upon the ground that voting is one of the chief privileges and immunities of citizens, notwithstanding the judge's dictum.

The Constitution now declares that every person born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to its jurisdiction, is a citizen not only of the United States, but of the State in which he resides. If, there-

fore, the right of suffrage be one of the privileges and immunities mentioned, no State or local law can constitutionally prevent women from voting.

This, of course, brings the question to a very simple point. That Congress, in adopting the Amendment, did not mean to authorize women to vote, is unquestionable. But it is a political axiom in the history of our Anglo-Saxon race that every statute may be justly interpreted to favor liberty, if the text will fairly allow it, although it has been notoriously intended to restrain and limit it. Now the confessed purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment was to enlarge liberty; and if it should prove to have done more than was meant, the greater enlargement can not be refused. The spirit of the Constitution toward slavery was that of the law of Venice to Shylock. It gave him the pound of flesh—no more, no less. But toward liberty its spirit is that of the father to his returning son, "All that I have is thine."

It is conceded that there are two classes of persons known to the law—citizens and aliens. What is the difference between them? When the alien becomes by naturalization a citizen, is not the only real difference in his condition the fact that he is then a voter? And is he a voter solely because of the State law? If the State law denied the right of voting to all persons with red hair, would it be urged that the law was valid, because the Constitution only forbids disfranchisement on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude? And if disfranchisement for reasons so wholly arbitrary as the color of the eyes or hair would be overruled as repugnant to the spirit of the Constitution, which requires equal rights—that is to say, no test which, in the nature of things, can not be satisfied by a large part of the community—is not the disfranchisement of equal citizens for the reason of sex alone equally repugnant to that spirit?

These are questions which the opinion of Judge Cartter will commend to the grave consideration of thoughtful persons every where, and there is little reason to doubt that it justifies the feeling that it is a triumph of the cause of equal suffrage.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

In speaking of the Democratic party we necessarily use a name which includes many persons of whom what we say of the party itself can not be truly affirmed. When we say, for instance, that the Democratic policy was inhuman, we do not mean nor reasonably imply that every individual member of that party is cruel; as, when we speak of the ambitious and dangerous political purposes of the Roman Church, we do not, in any just sense, accuse all adherents of that Church of hostility to our institutions. A party is, in some points, but by no means entirely, like an army. It has a general movement, to which every soldier must conform, and the general direction of its march is determined by circumstances which the single soldier can not control, and to which he must submit. In a country like ours the active political forces are organized in two bodies, and it is the tendency and spirit of each which are criticised when the name is mentioned.

Many persons call themselves Democrats because they approve the democratic principle. But the history of the Democratic party shows little regard for the principle. For a generation the organization known by that name was a body whose chief policy was the protection, extension, and perpetuity of human slavery. The central fact in the history of the party is not that it advocated a revenue tariff, opposed the United States Bank, and was jealous of the limits of government, but that it cherished slavery and caused the civil war. The democratic principle is fair play for all men. The Democratic policy was slavery. It is folly to try to escape this truth by saying that the North foisted slavery upon the country, and that the Constitution guaranteed the right of property in man. If all this had been admitted, the Democratic policy would logically have been the restriction of slavery in every way, drawing a line of fire around it, as General Dix said, that, like the scorpion, it might sting itself to death. This would have been, assuming that nothing more could have been done, the natural policy of a real democratic party—of a party that really sought fair play. But this was precisely the policy that the party rejected, because it was controlled by the slave-masters; and it was precisely the policy which the party bitterly opposed as unfraternal when it appeared as the Republican policy.

This organized apology for slavery, and justification of it, and passionate hatred of its opponents, are the chief roots of our political demoralization. Nor will any Democrat who knows the facts deny that his party is strongest to-day in those parts of the country where there is the most ignorance, and where the cruel faith and feeling of the time when slavery was supreme survive. He would not assert that the Ku-Klux, for instance, are Republicans; nor that they intimidate Democrats from the polls. The truth is that the Democratic party does not now represent, and never has represented, the democratic idea. Assuming that the Republicans are as corrupt, and that in the dishonesty of administration they have bettered the Democratic example, it nevertheless remains true that the Republican is the only party in our history which has ever asserted and put in practice the democratic principle of equal human rights.

And the latent hostility to that principle survives, organized, in the Democratic party. We are told to let by-gones be by-gones. We are reminded that the year 1871 is not the year 1860. We are asked if there is to be no end of the old battles, and if we really suppose that the Democrats wish to restore slavery. We are pointed to Republican corruption and centralization. The reply is simple: granting it all, is the Democratic party as we know it, and as it shows itself every day, more likely to protect and defend liberty, or to administer the government more honestly? Certainly we do not suppose that all good men are in the Republican party, nor that a Democrat may not be honest and patriotic. But we certainly say that those men sustain a party to which the most dangerous classes in the country belong, and whose policy, were the party successful, would be directed—as it always has been, as it was in its last National Convention—by the more positive and mischievous of its leaders. The return of that party to power would be the menace of incalculable evils, because it would intrust the administration of the government, under a changed Constitution, to those who hate the changes and resisted them, and who have stigmatized them as revolutionary and void. If there were even a promise of greater purity of administration simply, it might be some mitigation of the natural alarm at the prospect of Democratic ascendency. But the traditions, the spirit, the composition, the theories, the declarations, the arts of the party summon every citizen who does not think that a change of name is a change of things to work faithfully until the party which was the body-guard of human slavery in this republic is not only utterly defeated, but disbanded.

PERSONAL.

Mr. James T. Fields remarked, in a recent lecture in Boston on "Cheerfulness," that Washington Irving was one of the most cheerful men he had ever known, and that Charles Dickens had such portable faculties of good cheer that wherever he went he carried happiness with him.

—When Boston entertains its stranger, it does it handsomely. Thus, when Colonel Forney and Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia, were in Boston recently, the very Honorable Samuel Hooper, M.C. from that commonwealth, gave them a grand fish and game dinner at Taft's, just outside the walls of Boston, at which assisted Agassiz, Longfellow, Charles Sumner, and all the judges of the courts; and the way in which the New England judge eats and slakes is one of the wonders that have passed into history. The Pennsylvania men survived the event, and have returned in safety to their families.

—In court and diplomatic circles abroad some importance is attached to the recent visit made in state by the Queen of Holland to Pope Pius. It is the first thing of the kind that has been done; and the fact that she sat and chatted two hours with the good old gentleman indicates that she had a right pleasant time.

—The most aristocratic of all democrats in the United States—Mr. Wendell Phillips—having been ferreted out by an interviewer, said: "I have given thirty years of my life—and I rejoice to have been permitted to give them—to the redemption of a race. If I am spared another ten years, I hope I shall be permitted to give them to the redemption of every man who works with his hands." Mr. Phillips sees what is becoming daily more apparent, that the great public question that is speedily to confront the politician is the labor question.

—Mr. George Jones, the publisher of the New York *Times*, has been associated with that paper from the day it was founded, and his business capacity and excellent management were largely instrumental in the establishment of its fortunes. When the *Times's* vigorous war on the Ring began to tell against that corrupt body, several overtures to sell out were made to him; but he declined them all, and by a persistent, manly, and courageous course has placed his paper at the head of daily journalism in this country. Its attacks upon the immense power of the Ring would have entitled it to this position even if the struggle had not ended in a splendid victory.

—Sir Roderick Impey Murchison appointed Professor Geikie, of Edinburgh, his literary executor, and bequeathed him $5000. Professor G. will write his life. The descent of the late Sir Roderick is a curious illustration of the changes which take place in the feelings and pursuits of a people in the course of generations. The baronet was descended on both sides from famous Highland Scotch families, who espoused the cause of the Stuarts against the present reigning family. His great-uncle was killed at the battle of Sheriff Muir in 1715. An uncle defended two Scotch towns for six years after that battle against the forces of George the First and George the Second. Sir Roderick's father went to India, and served under Warren Hastings, to whom, in a great measure, are due the prosperity and splendor of the British Indian empire. Sir Roderick went over the same country as a geologist, preferring the career of a scientific man to that of a military, to which latter he had been educated.

—Surgeon William Maxwell Wood, who has recently retired from the head of the Medical Bureau of the Navy Department, has attained distinction outside of his profession. When the early history of California annexation comes to be written, it will be found that to Surgeon Wood as much as, if not more than, to any other man are we indebted for that event. To rare intellectual powers he adds the highest culture, and in the literature of his profession he has attained distinguished eminence.

—Mr. James Brooks, in one of his Japanesy letters, writes that the national food is fish. There is not an ocean or river creature that the Japs do not eat; and most of the fish sold are not deceased fish, but alive and wriggling. So much is thought of the watery creatures that on a certain festival day every family that has had a boy born during the year hangs out a great painted fish to boast of it.

—Speaking of old age: Horace Binney, born in Philadelphia January 4, 1780, graduated at Harvard College in 1797, is still living. Lords Eldon, Stowell, Mansfield, Lyndhurst, and Brougham died between the ages of eighty-six and ninety-two. Lyndhurst, the oldest, was ninety-one years, four months, and twenty-one days; but Mr. Binney is ninety-one years and nearly eleven months. Sugden, Lord St. Leonard's, born February, 1781, is still living. When Dr. Routh, for more than sixty-three years president of Magdalen College, Oxford, was nearly one hundred, some one remarked to him, "That is a pretty good old age." "Yes," replied the doctor, "but there was a Dissenting minister who died at one hundred and seven; and," continued the old gentleman, "I should like the Church to win."

—Mr. George Alfred Townsend, who has been doing the Mormons, has no hesitation in expressing the opinion that "most of the Mormon men look as if they wanted a new razor and a square meal."

—Mr. Disraeli's latest success is his election as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow over Professor Ruskin, who was emulous of that distinction.

—"Twenty years ago," says an exchange, "Leland Stanford arrived in California with only one shirt to his back. Since then, by close attention to business, he has contrived to accumulate over 10,000,000." Why retain so many shirts?

—The prevalent notion is that the Hon. Caleb Cushing is a bachelor. It is a mistake. He was married early in life, and lost his wife many years ago. She was a woman of fine intellect and culture. Her letters from Spain, written during their residence there, were published, and are very charming reading. With Mr. Cushing and Mr. Evarts to represent us at Geneva, there need be no apprehension but that the interests of the country will be ably cared for.

—Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer has received the appointment of Austrian consul-general for the port of New York. Mr. Havemeyer is one of the most intelligent as well as one of the most extensive of the younger business men of New York—a good linguist and thorough gentleman. He married a daughter of the late Sir Chales de Loosey, for many years Austrian consul-general here, and one of the ablest and most useful of the foreign representatives of Austria. The emperor could scarcely have selected a gentleman more competent for the duties of the position, or more acceptable to the mercantile interest of New York.

—Chatty people in Washington assert with pleasing earnestness that there is to be a wedding in the cabinet—Secretary Robeson to Mrs. Aulick. It has been thoroughly talked over. Mrs. A. is not only fine-looking and accomplished, but one of the finest vocalists in Washington society. Moreover, very lively, fascinating, and popular.

—There is no instance in history where one individual has given so much money for philanthropical purposes to the suffering of other countries as Mr. A. T. Stewart. Soon after the breaking out of the war of the rebellion he sent $10,000 to the distressed cotton-weavers of Lancashire, in England. Soon afterward he sent out a ship freighted with provisions for the relief of the starving people of Ireland. At the outbreak of our war with the South he subscribed for the government $30,000. The year previous to the recent Franco-German war there was great dearth of food in Southeastern Prussia, and to the sufferers Mr. S. sent $10,000, gold, for which Bismarck sent him an autograph letter of thanks. Toward the end of the war between France and Germany Mr. Stewart sent a ship with $50,000 worth of flour to Havre, to be distributed among the suffering and poor. Afterward he sent 100,000 francs to Paris for the benefit of disabled French soldiers, and a like amount to Berlin for the Germans. His $50,000 to Chicago appropriately crowns the column.

—The first man in England that had "copy-money"—*i. e.*, a price for the copyright of a literary work—was Dr. Hammond, rector of Penshurst, in Kent. The book was called "Annota on the New Testament." Hammond, being a warm royalist, was one of the most noted among the numerous divines who lost their benefices under the government of Cromwell. His clerical career being thus cut short, he thenceforth devoted his activity to the investigation of the literature and antiquities of the Bible, in which, in his own age, he had no rival.

—The trifles for which men will risk life are especially noticeable in the disputes that lead to duels. In 1787 a duel occurred in this city between Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh, of the Seventy-sixth, and Captain M'Pherson, of the Forty-second British regiment, in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the best eating was from the cob, and the other that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb dreadfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. Graham, Major Noah's assistant editor on the *National Advocate*, lost his life in 1827, at the dueling ground at Hoboken, with Barton, the son-in-law of Edward Livingstone, in a simple dispute about "what was trumps" in a game of cards. Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog, Colonel Ramsey in one about a servant, Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit, Sterne's father in one about a goose, and another gentleman in one about an acre of anchovies; one officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet, and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff; General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at dinner on a steamboat, although the general had pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon-shooters.

—Hon. Galusha A. Grow has turned his back on politics, and become president of the Houston and Great Northern Railroad of Texas, which is owned chiefly by capitalists of this city. Although only forty-eight years of age, he has had a brilliant public career, having been elected to Congress from Pennsylvania in 1850, when only twenty-seven years old, and served with honor up to the assembling of the Thirty-seventh Congress, when he was chosen Speaker.

—The Lord Bishop of Lichfield, Dean Howson, and an English clergyman or two were publicly breakfasted, a few days ago, at the Union League House in Philadelphia, by Bishop Stevens, Bishop Odenheimer, Bishop-elect Howe, and Bishop Morris. Many of the clergy were there—Low-Church, Broad-Church, High-Church, and high-and-dry church. The speaking was good, and it was all good. At the public breakfast given to the same Britons at Delmonico's, a few mornings since, the representatives of the press were most expressly and specially snubbed, and consequently nobody knows any thing about what *was* done. We hope they didn't "carry on" too much, or do any thing very bad.

—Count Benedetti is about to figure in a new rôle. He is of Greek descent, and when consul in Egypt married a young Greek lady, who passed as the daughter of M. Anastasis, a wealthy merchant in Alexandria. It was, however, generally known that Madame Benedetti was a Greek slave of great beauty, who had been taken very young into Egypt, after the war in the Morea. M. Anastasis, who had no family, and purchased her, adopted and brought her up, and on his death he left her the whole of his fortune, which amounted to several millions of francs. The relations of the deceased protested against the will, but did not venture to dispute it under the empire, the husband of Madame Benedetti possessing great influence. At present, however, a nephew of M. Anastasis has taken up the subject, and placed it in the hands of two advocates of Paris.

—Mr. John Hay has been delivering, with marked success, in Boston, Washington, and elsewhere, a lecture on the "Progress of Democracy in Europe." Mr. Hay is one of the most industrious and painstaking of the younger and rising men of the day. Besides being one of the most industrious and cleverest on the staff of the *Tribune*, he is constantly writing books, poetry, magazine articles, etc., and does a good deal of heavy work in society.

—Our readers will be glad to learn that their old friend Paul Du Chaillu has returned from the arctic seas. During the seven months of his absence from this country he has traveled through Sweden, Norway, and Lapland; passed through many striking adventures, and observed many strange and interesting customs, of which he is ready to talk to the numerous audiences who are looking forward to his lectures this winter.

—San Francisco is to have a splendid season of Italian opera this winter, the stars of the troupe being Miss Clara Louise Kellogg and Miss Kate Morensi. These charming singers, who adorn the stage with the most attractive qualities of personal beauty and the highest and most refined culture in their art, have been associated before, as lovers of Italian opera in this city will remember. Miss Morensi, like Miss Kellogg, has a foreign as well as a home reputation, having appeared with great acceptance in the chief capitals of Europe, and in Cuba and South America.

—Bishop Colenso, who seems to have somewhat subsided from public notice of late, is about to publish a new part of his "Commentary on the Pentateuch and Joshua."

—Sir Henry Holland, it is said, has finally consented to publish, in enlarged form, a volume of "Recollections of Past Life," of which a few copies only were printed a year or two ago for his own family and private friends.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Grand Duke Alexis arrived in safety at New York on the morning of November 19, after a tedious and stormy voyage. A grand reception was given him.

About 3 o'clock A.M. of November 16 the people of Hyde Park, Pennsylvania, were startled out of their sleep by a rumbling noise and a trembling of the earth, which continued until about twenty acres of land, thickly covered by buildings and handsome dwellings, sank about two feet. Defects in the construction of the mines which run under the town are assigned as the cause of this alarming catastrophe.

Three men under arrest on the charge of murdering a whole family near Henryville, Indiana, were taken from the jail at that place on the morning of November 17 by a mob of about 150 men, and immediately hanged.

A new revolution is in progress in Mexico, led by Porfirio Diaz, a defeated candidate for the Presidency. The movement is said to be very formidable.

Two New York savings-banks—one presided over by W. M. Tweed, the other by Police Commissioner Smith—have suspended, to the great distress of many poor families.

FOREIGN NEWS.

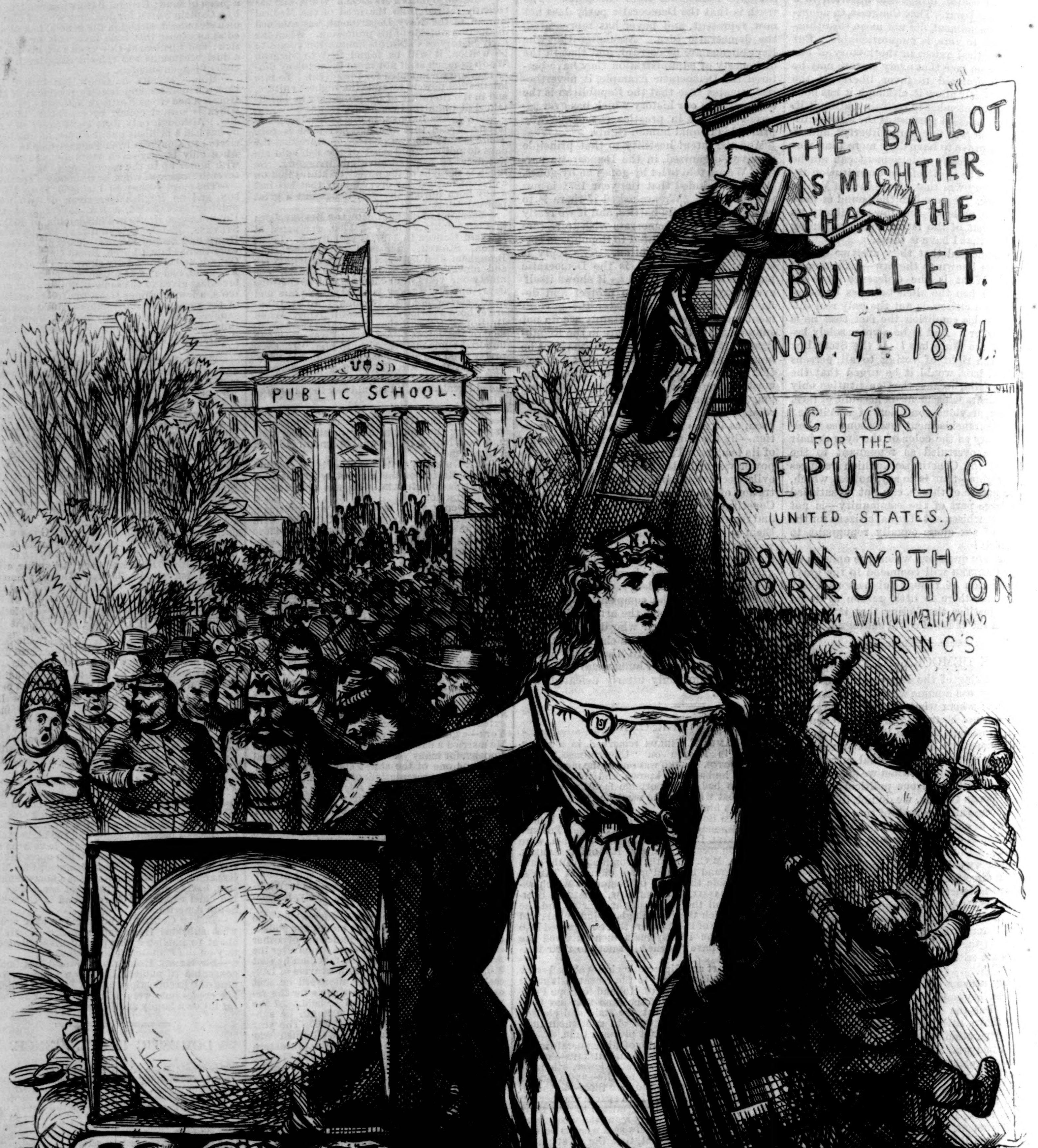
The Sultan of Turkey has directed his Minister of Works to inaugurate a comprehensive system of public improvements throughout the Ottoman Empire.

The Moscow *Gazette*, semi-official, counsels Russia to demand the neutralization of Denmark and the restoration of Northern Schleswig, in order to curtail the power of Prussia on the Baltic Sea.

The expulsion of nuns of various nationalities and the forcible suppression of religious houses by the Italian government are said to form the grounds of a protest which the Pope is about to address to the European powers.

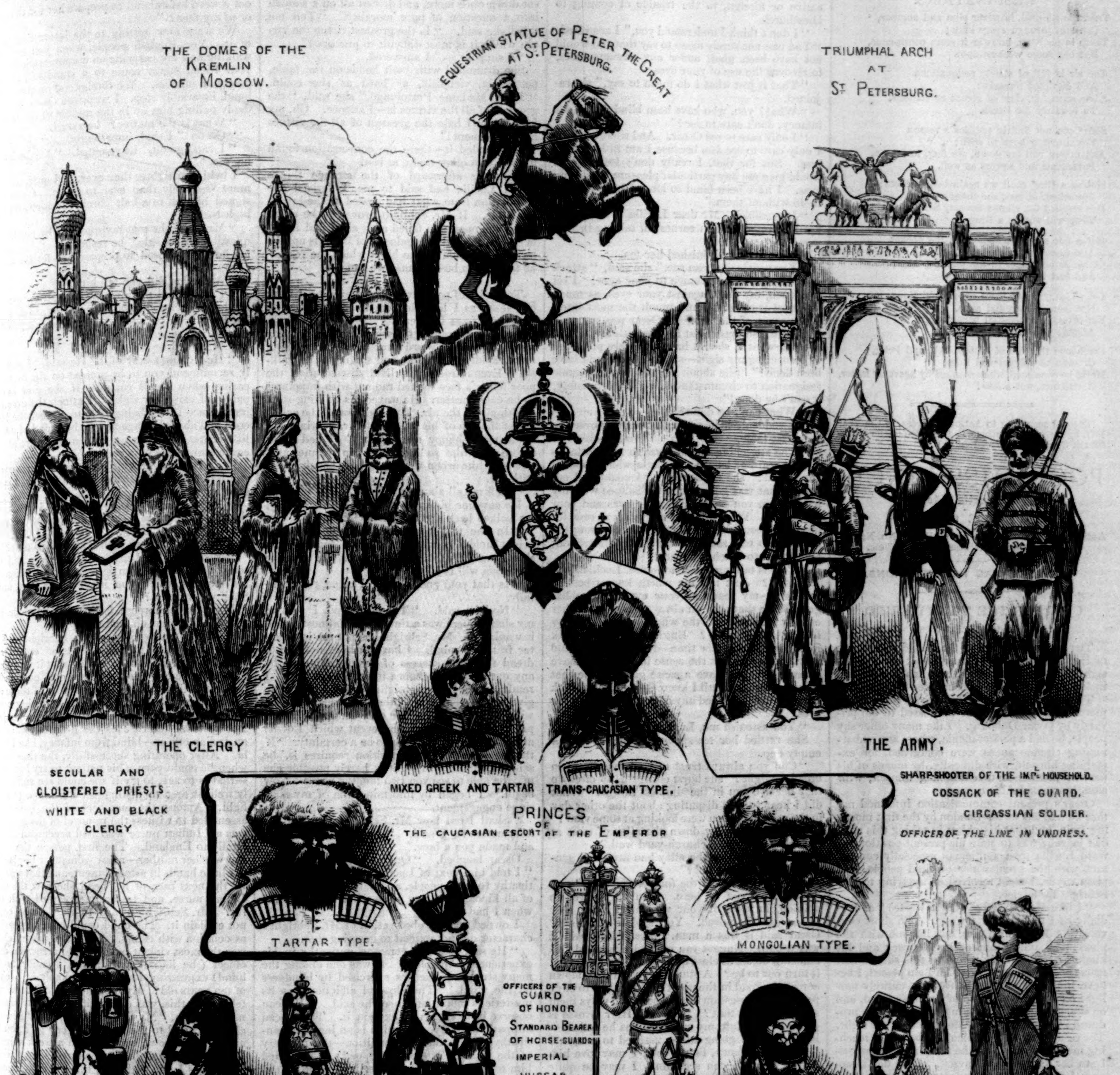
The reported intention of the Pope to leave Rome is confirmed by the Duc d'Harcourt, French embassador to the Papal court. He says the Holy Father will leave when a bill is presented in the Italian Parliament convening that body in session in the Holy City.

A terrible gunpowder explosion has occurred in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, Germany, three soldiers being killed and many wounded.



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

New York. "Now you see what I DID ABOUT IT. Go and Do likewise."



SKETCHES IN RUSSIA.—[See Page 1127.]

RESIGNATIONS.

THERE is no soul, however slim and sinuous,
Can slip through every knot;
There is no Ring, howe'er it seem continuous,
But has some weakest spot.

The air is full of stately resignations
And dignified remarks:
Some scorn, in view of recent revelations,
To beautify the Parks.

Some can not find in politics a reason
For teaching boys to spell;
And others will lay down, we fear, in season,
Pavements and sewers as well.

Not as a Ring shall we again behold them;
For when, at last, the thing
Has reached the climax Seventy Seers foretold them,
They will not be a Ring,

But a fair row of names upon the docket
And faces in the docks;
Of hands no longer in the public pocket,
And feet in public stocks.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise!

Perchance the loss of Hilton, Bell, and Peter,
Or even the Mayor and Boss,
Might be construed, when scanned by heavenly meter,
A riddance, not a loss!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

THE DAY BETWEEN.

THE interval-day before the second appearance of Herr Grosse, and the experiment on Lucilla's sight that was to follow it, was marked by two incidents which ought to be noticed in this place.

The first incident was the arrival, early in the morning, of another letter addressed to me privately by Oscar Dubourg. Like many other shy people, he had a perfect mania, where any embarrassing circumstances were concerned, for explaining himself, with difficulty, by means of his pen, in preference to explaining himself, with ease, by means of his tongue.

Oscar's present communication informed me that he had left us for London by the first morning train, and that his object in taking this sudden journey was to state his present position toward Lucilla to a gentleman especially conversant with the peculiarities of blind people. In plain words, he had resolved on applying to Mr. Sebright for advice.

"I like Mr. Sebright" (Oscar wrote) "as cordially as I detest Herr Grosse. The short conversation I had with him has left me with the pleasantest impression of his delicacy and his kindness. If I freely reveal to this skillful surgeon the sad situation in which I am placed, I believe his experience will throw an entirely new light on the present state of Lucilla's mind, and on the changes which we may expect to see produced in her if she really does recover her sight. The result may be of incalculable benefit in teaching me how I may own the truth most harmlessly to her as well as to myself. Pray don't suppose I undervalue your advice. I only want to be doubly fortified, before I risk my confession, by the advice of a scientific man."

All this I took to mean, in plain English, that vacillating Oscar wanted to quiet his conscience by gaining time, and that his absurd idea of consulting Mr. Sebright was nothing less than a new and plausible excuse for putting off the evil day. His letter ended by pledging me to secrecy, and by entreating me so to manage matters as to grant him a private interview on his return to Dimchurch by the evening train.

I confess I felt some curiosity as to what would come of the proposed consultation between unready Oscar and precise Mr. Sebright; and I accordingly arranged to take my walk alone, toward eight o'clock that evening, on the road that led to the distant railway station.

The second incident of the day may be described as a confidential conversation between Lucilla and myself on the subject which now equally absorbed us both—the momentous subject of her restoration to the blessing of sight.

She joined me at the breakfast-table, with her ready distrust newly excited, poor thing, by Oscar. He had accounted to her for his journey to London by putting forward the commonplace excuse of "business." She instantly suspected (knowing how he felt about it) that he was secretly bent on interfering with the performance of the operation by Herr Grosse. I contrived to compose the anxiety thus aroused in her mind by informing her, on Oscar's own authority, that he personally disliked and distrusted the German oculist. "Whatever else he may do in London," I said, "make your mind easy, my dear. I answer for his not venturing near Herr Grosse."

After a long silence between us, following on those words, Lucilla raised her head from her second cup of tea, and abruptly referred to Oscar in another way—a way which revealed to me a new peculiarity of feeling belonging exclusively to the strange temperament of the blind.

"Do you know one thing?" she said. "If I had not been going to be married to Oscar, I doubt if I should have cared to put any oculist, native or foreign, to the trouble of coming to Dimchurch."

"I don't think I understand you," I answered. "You can not surely mean to say that you would not have been glad, under any circumstances, to recover the use of your eyes?"

"That is just what I do mean to say," she rejoined.

"What! you, who have been blind from your infancy, don't care to see?"

"I only care to see Oscar. And what is more, I only care to see *him* because I am in love with him. But for that, I really don't feel as if it would give me any particular pleasure to use my eyes. I have been blind so long, I have learned to do without them."

"Impossible! My dear Lucilla, I really can not believe you are in earnest in talking in that way!"

She laughed, and finished her tea.

"You people who can see," she said, "attach such an absurd importance to your eyes! I set my touch, my dear, against your eyes, as much the most trustworthy and much the most intelligent sense of the two. If Oscar was not, as I have said, the uppermost feeling with me, shall I tell you what I should have infinitely preferred to recovering my sight—supposing it could have been done?" She shook her head with a comic resignation to circumstances. "Unfortunately, it can't be done!"

"What can't be done?"

She suddenly held out both her arms over the breakfast-table.

"The stretching out of *these* to an enormous and unheard-of length. That is what I should have liked!" she answered. "I could find out better what was going on at a distance with my hands than you could with your eyes and your telescopes. What doubts I might set at rest, for instance, about the planetary system, among the people who can see, if I could only stretch out far enough to touch the stars!"

"This is talking sheer nonsense, Lucilla."

"Is it? Just tell me which knows best in the dark—my touch or your eyes? Who has got a sense that she can always trust to serve her equally well through the whole four-and-twenty hours? You or me? But for Oscar—to speak in sober earnest this time—I tell you I would much rather perfect the sense in me that I have already got than have a sense given to me that I have *not* got. Until I knew Oscar I don't think I ever honestly envied any of you the use of your eyes."

"You astonish me, Lucilla!"

She rattled her tea-spoon impatiently in her empty cup.

"Can you always trust to your eyes, even in broad daylight?" she burst out. "How often do they deceive you in the simplest things! What did I hear you all disputing about the other day in the garden? You were looking at some view?"

"Yes, at the view down the alley of trees at the other end of the church-yard wall."

"Some object in the alley had attracted general notice—had it not?"

"Yes, an object at the further end of it."

"I heard you up here. You all differed in opinion, in spite of your wonderful eyes. My father said it moved. You said it stood still. Oscar said it was a man. Mrs. Finch said it was a calf. Nugent ran off and examined this amazing object at close quarters. And what did it turn out to be? A stump of an old tree, blown across the road in the night! Why am I to envy people the possession of a sense which plays them such tricks as that? No! no! Herr Grosse is going to 'cut into my cataracts,' as he calls it—because I am going to be married to a man I love; and I fancy, like a fool, I may love him better still if I can see him. I may be quite wrong," she added, archly. "It may end in my not loving him half as well as I do now!"

I thought of Oscar's face, and felt a sickening fear that she might be speaking far more seriously than she suspected. I tried to change the subject. No! Her imaginative nature had found its way into a new region of speculation before I could open my lips.

"I associate light," she said, thoughtfully, "with all that is beautiful and heavenly, and dark with all that is vile and horrible and devilish. I wonder how light and dark will look to me when I see?"

"I believe they will astonish you," I answered, "by being entirely unlike what you fancy them to be now."

She started. I had alarmed her without intending it.

"Will Oscar's face be utterly unlike what I fancy it to be now?" she asked, in suddenly altered tones. "Do you mean to say that I have not had the right image of him in my mind all this time?"

I tried again to draw her off to another topic. What more could I do, with my tongue tied by the German's warning to us not to agitate her in the face of the operation to be performed on the next day?

It was quite useless. She went on, as before, without heeding me.

"Have I no means of judging rightly what Oscar is like?" she said. "I touch my own face; I know how long it is, and how broad it is; I know how big the different features are, and where they are. And then I touch Oscar, and compare his face with my knowledge of my own face. Not a single detail escapes me. I see him in my mind as plainly as you see me across this table. Do you mean to say, when I see him with my eyes, that I shall discover something perfectly new to me? I don't believe it!" She started up impatiently, and took a turn in the room. "Oh!" she exclaimed, with a stamp of her foot, "why can't I take laudanum enough or chloroform enough to kill me for the next six weeks, and then come to life again when the German takes the bandage off my eyes!" She sat down once more, and drifted all on a sudden into a question of pure morality. "Tell me this," she said. "Is the greatest virtue the virtue which it is most difficult to practice?"

"I suppose so," I answered.

She drummed with both hands on the table, petulantly, viciously, as hard as she could. "Then, Madame Pratolungo," she said, "the greatest of all the virtues is—Patience. Oh, my friend, how I hate the greatest of all the virtues at this moment!"

That ended it—there the conversation found its way into other topics at last.

Thinking afterward of the strange things which Lucilla had said to me, I derived one consolation from what had passed at the breakfast-table. If Mr. Sebright proved to be right, and if the operation failed after all, I had Lucilla's word for it that blindness, of itself, is not the terrible affliction to the blind which the rest of us fancy it to be—because we can see.

Toward half past seven in the evening I went out alone, as I had planned, to meet Oscar on his return from London.

At a long straight stretch of the road I saw him advancing toward me. He was walking more rapidly than usual, and singing as he walked. Even through its livid discoloration the poor fellow's face looked radiant with happiness as he came nearer. He waved his walking-stick exultingly in the air. "Good news!" he called out at the top of his voice. "Mr. Sebright has made me a happy man again!" I had never before seen him so like Nugent in manner as I now saw him when we met and he shook hands with me.

"Tell me all about it," I said.

He gave me his arm; and, talking all the way, we walked back slowly to Dimchurch.

"In the first place," he began, "Mr. Sebright holds to his own opinion more firmly than ever. He feels absolutely certain that the operation will fail."

"Is that your good news?" I asked, reproachfully.

"No," he said. "Though, mind, I own to my shame there was a time when I almost hoped it would fail. Mr. Sebright has put me in a better frame of mind. I have little or nothing to dread from the success of the operation, if by any extraordinary chance it should succeed. I remind you of Mr. Sebright's opinion merely to give you a right idea of the tone which he took with me at starting. He only consented under protest to contemplate the event which Lucilla and Herr Grosse consider to be a certainty. 'If the statement of your position requires it,' he said, 'I will admit that it is barely possible she may be able to see you two months hence. Now begin.' I began by informing him of my marriage-engagement."

"Shall I tell how Mr. Sebright received the information?" I said. "He held his tongue, and made you a bow."

Oscar laughed. "Quite true," he answered. "I told him next of Lucilla's extraordinary antipathy to dark people, and dark shades of color of all kinds. Can you guess what he said to me when I had done?"

I owned that my observation of Mr. Sebright's character did not extend to guessing that.

"He said it was a common antipathy in his experience of the blind. It was one among the many strange influences exercised by blindness on the mind. 'The physical affliction has its mysterious moral influence,' he said. 'We can observe it, but we can't explain it. The special antipathy which you mention is an incurable antipathy, except on one condition—the recovery of the sight.' There he stopped. I entreated him to go on. No! He declined to go on until I had finished what I had to say to him first. I had my confession still to make to him—and I made it."

"You concealed nothing?"

"Nothing. I laid my weakness bare before him. I told him that Lucilla was still firmly convinced that Nugent's was the discolored face instead of mine. And then I put the question—What am I to do?"

"And how did he reply?"

"In these words: 'If you ask me what you are to do in the event of her remaining blind (which I tell you again *will* be the event), I decline to advise you. Your own conscience and your own sense of honor must decide the question. On the other hand, if you ask me what you are to do in the event of her recovering her sight, I can answer you unreservedly in the plainest terms. Leave things as they are, and wait till she sees.' Those were his own words. Oh, the load that they took off my mind! I made him repeat them—I declare I was almost afraid to trust the evidence of my own ears."

I understood the motive of Oscar's good spirits better than I understood the motive of Mr. Sebright's advice. "Did he give his reasons?" I asked.

"You shall hear his reasons directly. He insisted on first satisfying himself that I thoroughly understood my position at that moment. 'The prime condition of success, as Herr Grosse has told you,' he said, 'is the perfect tranquillity of the patient. If you make your confession to the young lady when you get back to Dimchurch, you throw her into a state of excitement which will render it impossible for my German colleague to operate on her to-morrow. If you defer your confession, the medical necessities of the case force you to be silent until the professional attendance of the oculist has ceased. There is your position! My advice to you is to adopt the last alternative. Wait (and make the other persons in the secret wait) until the result of the operation has declared itself.' There I stopped him. 'Do you mean that I am to be present on the first occasion when she is able to use her eyes?' I asked. 'Am I to let her see me without a word beforehand to prepare her for the color of my face?'"

We were now getting to the interesting part of it. You English people, when you are out walking and are carrying on a conversation with your friend, never come to a stand-still at the points of interest. We foreigners, on the other hand, invariably stop. I surprised Oscar by suddenly pulling him up in the middle of the road.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Go on!" I said, impatiently.

"I can't go on," he rejoined. "You're holding me."

I held him tighter than ever, and ordered him more resolutely than ever to go on. Oscar resigned himself to a halt (foreign fashion) on the high-road.

"Mr. Sebright met my question by putting a question on his side," he resumed. "He asked me how I proposed to prepare her for the color of my face."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I said I had planned to make an excuse for leaving Dimchurch, and, once away, to prepare her by writing for what she might expect to see when I returned."

"What did he say to that?"

"He wouldn't hear of it. He said, 'I strongly recommend you to be present on the first occasion when she is capable (if she ever *is* capable) of using her sight. I attach the greatest importance to her being able to correct the hideous and absurd image now in her mind of a face like yours, by seeing you as you really are at the earliest available opportunity.'"

We were just walking on again when certain words in that last sentence startled me. I stopped short once more.

"Hideous and absurd image?" I repeated, thinking instantly of my conversation of that morning with Lucilla. "What did Mr. Sebright mean by using such language as that?"

"Just what I asked him. His reply will interest you. It led him into that explanation of his motives which you inquired for just now. Shall we walk on?"

My petrified foreign feet recovered their activity. We went on again.

"When I had spoken to Mr. Sebright of Lucilla's inveterate prejudice," Oscar continued, "he had surprised me by saying that it was common in his experience, and was only curable by her restoration to sight. In support of those assertions he now told me of two interesting cases which had occurred in his professional practice. The first was the case of the little daughter of an Indian officer—blind from infancy, like Lucilla. After operating successfully, the time came when he could permit his patient to try her sight—that is to say, to try if she could see sufficiently well at first to distinguish dark objects from light. Among the members of the household assembled to witness the removal of the bandage was an Indian nurse who had accompanied the family to England. The first person the child saw was her mother—a fair woman. She clasped her little hands in astonishment, and that was all. At the next turn of her head she saw the dark Indian nurse, and instantly screamed with terror. Mr. Sebright owned to me that he could not explain it. The child could have no possible association with colors. Yet there, nevertheless, was the most violent hatred and horror of a dark object (the hatred and horror peculiar to the blind) expressing itself unmistakably in a child of ten years old! My first thought, while he was telling me this, was of myself, and of my chance with Lucilla. My first question was, 'Did the child get used to the nurse?' I can give you his answer in his own words. 'In a week's time I found the child sitting in the nurse's lap as composedly as I am sitting in this chair.' That is encouraging, isn't it?"

"Most encouraging—nobody can deny it."

"The second instance was more curious still. This time the case was the case of a grown man—and the object was to show me what strange fantastic images (utterly unlike the reality) the blind form of the people about them. The patient was married, and was to see his wife (as Lucilla is one day to see me) for the first time. He had been told before he married her that she was personally disfigured by the scar of a wound on one of her cheeks. The poor woman—ah, how well I can understand her!—trembled for the consequences. The man who had loved her dearly while he was blind might hate her when he saw her scarred face. Her husband had been the first to console her when the operation was determined on. He declared that his sense of touch, and the description given to him by others, had enabled him to form, in his own mind, the most complete and faithful image of his wife's face. Nothing that Mr. Sebright could say would induce him to believe that it was physically impossible for him to form a really correct idea of any object, animate or inanimate, which he had never seen. He wouldn't hear of it. He was so certain of the result that he held his wife's hand in his, to encourage her, when the bandage was removed from him. At his first look at her he uttered a cry of horror, and fell back in his chair in a swoon. His wife, poor thing, was distracted. Mr. Sebright did his best to compose her, and waited till her husband was able to answer the questions put to him. It then appeared that his blind idea of his wife and of her disfigurement had been something so grotesque and horribly unlike the reality that it was hard to know whether to laugh or to tremble at it. She was as beautiful as an angel, by comparison with her husband's favorite idea of her—and yet, because it *was* his idea, he was absolutely disgusted and terrified at the first sight of her! In a few weeks he was able to compare his wife with other women, to look at pictures, to understand what beauty was, and what ugliness was; and from that time they have lived

together as happy a married couple as any in the kingdom."

I was not quite sure which way this last example pointed. It alarmed me when I thought of Lucilla. I came to a stand-still again.

"How did Mr. Sebright apply this second case to Lucilla and to you?" I asked.

"You shall hear," said Oscar. "He first appealed to the case as supporting his assertion that Lucilla's idea of me must be utterly unlike what I am myself. He asked if I was now satisfied that she could have no correct conception of what faces and colors were really like, and if I agreed with him in believing that the image in her mind of the man with the blue face was in all probability something fantastically and hideously unlike the reality. After what I had heard, I agreed with him as a matter of course. 'Very well,' says Mr. Sebright. 'Now let us remember that there is one important difference between the case of Miss Finch and the case that I have just mentioned. The husband's blind idea of his wife was the husband's favorite idea. The shock of the first sight of her was plainly a shock to him on that account. Now Miss Finch's blind idea of the blue face is, on the contrary, a hateful idea to her—the image is an image that she loathes. Is it not fair to conclude from this that the first sight of you as you really are is likely to be, in her case, a relief to her instead of a shock? Reasoning from my experience, I reach that conclusion; and I advise you, in your own interests, to be present when the bandage is taken off. Even if I prove to be mistaken—even if she is not immediately reconciled to the sight of you—there is the other example of the child and the Indian nurse to satisfy you that it is only a question of time. Sooner or later she will take the discovery as any other young lady would take it. At first she will be indignant with you for deceiving her; and then, if you are sure of your place in her affections, she will end in forgiving you. There is my view of your position, and there are the grounds on which I form it! In the mean time my own opinion remains unshaken. I firmly believe that you will never have occasion to act on the advice that I have given to you. When the bandage is taken off, the chances are five hundred to one that she is no nearer to seeing you then than she is now.' These were his last words—and on that we parted."

Oscar and I walked on again for a little way in silence.

I had nothing to say against Mr. Sebright's reasons; it was impossible to question the professional experience from which they were drawn. As to blind people in general, I felt no doubt that his advice was good, and that his conclusions were arrived at correctly. But Lucilla's was no ordinary character. My experience of her was better experience than Mr. Sebright's: and the more I thought of the future, the less inclined I felt to take Oscar's hopeful view. She was just the person to say something or do something, at the critical moment of the experiment, which would take the wisest previous calculation by surprise. Oscar's prospects had never looked darker to me than they looked at that moment.

It would have been useless and cruel to have said to him what I have just said here. I put as bright a face on it as I could, and asked if he proposed to follow Mr. Sebright's advice.

"Yes," he said. "With a certain reservation of my own, which occurred to me after I had left his house."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Certainly. I mean to beg Nugent to leave Dimchurch before Lucilla tries her sight for the first time. He will do that, I know, to please me."

"And when he has done it, what then?"

"Then I mean to be present—as Mr. Sebright suggested—when the bandage is taken off."

"Previously telling Lucilla," I interposed, "that it is you who are in the room?"

"No. There I take the precaution that I alluded to just now. I propose to leave Lucilla under the impression that it is I who have left Dimchurch, and that Nugent's face is the face she sees. If Mr. Sebright proves to be right, and if her first sensation is a sensation of relief, I will own the truth to her the same day. If not, I will wait to make my confession until she has become reconciled to the sight of me. That plan meets every possible emergency. It is one of the few good ideas that my stupid head has hit on since I have been at Dimchurch."

He said those last words with such an innocent air of triumph that I really could not find it in my heart to damp his ardor by telling him what I thought of his idea. All I said was, "Don't forget, Oscar, that the cleverest plans are at the mercy of circumstances. At the last moment, an accident may happen which will force you to speak out."

We came in sight of the rectory as I gave him that final warning. Nugent was strolling up and down the road on the look-out for us. I left Oscar to tell his story over again to his brother, and went into the house.

Lucilla was at her piano when I entered the sitting-room. She was not only playing, but (a rare thing with her) singing too. The song was, poetry and music both, of her own composing. "I shall see him! I shall see him!" In those four words the composition began and ended. She adapted them to all the happy melodies in her memory. She accompanied them with hands that seemed to be mad for joy—hands that threatened every moment to snap the chords of the instrument. Never, since my first day at the rectory, had I heard such a noise in our quiet sitting-room as I heard now. She was in a fever of exhilaration which, in my foreboding frame of mind at that moment, it pained and shocked me to see. I lifted her off the music-stool, and shut up the piano by main force.

"Compose yourself, for Heaven's sake," I said. "Do you want to be completely exhausted when the German comes to-morrow?"

That consideration instantly checked her. She suddenly became quiet, with the abrupt facility of a child.

"I forgot that," she said, sitting down in a corner, with a face of dismay. "He might refuse to perform the operation! Oh, my dear, quiet me down somehow. Get a book and read to me."

I got the book. Ah, the poor author! Neither she nor I paid the slightest attention to him. Worse still, we abused him for not interesting us—and then shut him up with a bang, and pushed him rudely into his place on the book-shelf, and left him upside down, and went to bed.

She was standing at her window when I went in to wish her good-night. The mellow moonlight fell tenderly on her lovely face. "Moon that I have never seen," she murmured, softly, "I feel you looking at me! Is the time coming when *I* shall look at You?" She turned from the window, and eagerly put my fingers on her pulse. "Am I quite composed again?" she asked. "Will he find me well to-morrow? Feel it! feel it! Is it quiet now?" I felt it—throbbing faster and faster. "Sleep will quiet it," I said, and kissed her and left her.

She slept well. As for me, I passed such a wretched night, and got up so completely worn out, that I had to go back to my room, after breakfast, and lie down again. Lucilla persuaded me to do it. "Herr Grosse won't be here till the afternoon," she said. "Rest till he comes."

We had reckoned without allowing for the eccentric character of our German surgeon. Excepting the business of his profession, Herr Grosse did every thing by impulse, and nothing by rule. I had not long fallen into a broken, unrefreshing sleep, when I felt Zillah's hand on my shoulder, and heard Zillah's voice in my ear.

"Please to get up, ma'am! He's here—he has come from London by the morning train."

I hurried into the sitting-room.

There, at the table, sat Herr Grosse, with an open instrument-case before him; his wild black eyes gloating over a hideous array of scissors, probes, and knives, and his shabby hat hard by with lint and bandages huddled together anyhow inside it. And there stood Lucilla by his side, stooping over him—with one hand laid familiarly on his shoulder, and with the other deftly fingering one of his horrid instruments to find out what it was like!

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

IN view of the interest in the great empire of Russia awakened among American readers by the visit of the Grand Duke ALEXIS to this country, we give on page 1125 a series of illustrations, from which our readers may obtain an accurate impression of the characteristics which most forcibly strike a traveler in that country.

Our first illustration shows the Transcaucasian private escort of the czar. This is composed of Lesghins, Mingrelians, warriors from the Caucase, and from the wandering tribes of Turkestan: singular types, where the white regularity of the Caucasic race contrasts with the yellow tones and flat features of the Mongolian race—caps of lamb-skin or fur turbans, floating robes and arsenal belts, cimeters and kandjiars, lances or iron maces of the Middle Ages.

Besides a soldier belonging to these legions, we give in our illustrations four different types of princes belonging to this escort. Only yesterday these very princes were the sworn enemies of the emperor of whom they now form the pretorian guard. Their costumes are remarkably rich and handsome. The fur caps, as may be seen, affect different shapes. Some are round, some pointed, some wider toward the top; some are black, some brown, white, or gray. The robes, very long in the skirts, vary also in color: some are blue, some red. The sleeves are double. The trowsers are of a blue cloth, large at the knees, narrow round the ankles, and fall in the shape of spatterdashes, very ample in form, over boots of red leather. The sword is curved in the Oriental style.

THE COSSACKS.

This corps of the Russian army first acquired its reputation in 1814, when the great French armies of the First Empire were fleeing from burning Moscow. It was the Cossacks who, during that most sadly eventful retreat, were employed in the pursuit of the French. With untiring activity, without mercy or pity, did they follow up and, without respite, attack the famished, half-naked "débris" of that splendid army of 500,000 men which started from France so beautifully equipped, so light at heart, so full of hope and ambition, to conquer the Russian capital. Savage warriors were those Cossacks—with their shabby uniforms, with their hairy countenances, their flat, broad features, with their arms of past days—flying about on their little disheveled horses round the wretched French soldiers like so many ravenous birds of prey.

In regard to the rest of the Russian army we must confine ourselves to a simple mention of the different arms composing it: There are the Pavlov Guards, the Semeonov Guards, and the Pavlogradski Guards; the Sum Hussars, the Ishuguxey Hussars; the Chasseurs à Cheval, the sharp-shooters on foot, the Cuirassiers and Grenadiers and Pioneers and Engineers; the Horse Artillery, the Foot Artillery, the Dragoons, the Lancers, the Hussars of the Emperor, the Horse-Guards, the regiments of Moscow, the regiments of Finland, the sailors of the Guard, the regiments of Ismailofski, the Sappers, etc., etc. The Russian army is, next the imperial French army, the most handsomely dressed in Europe.

THE CLERGY.

The Russian clergy are divided into the white and black clergy. The former are the secular, the latter the cloistered, clergy. The appellations are derived from their respective dresses; the one party being clothed from head to foot in black, the other performing divine service in white robes bordered with gold.

The following is the description of the dress of the black clergy: The head is covered with a tall cylindrical black cap, round which flutters a long piece of black gauze, which lies down like a lady's veil when thrown back. The principal garment is a long, full tunic, made generally of black velvet. The handsome curling bands with which the monks are universally decorated harmonize admirably with this dress. As the monks all wear black, the secular priests, almost without exception, choose brown for their ordinary dress. When they are officiating as ministers of religion, it is, of course, different. On their heads they wear high brown or red velvet caps, trimmed with handsome fur, and carry excessively long brown sticks studded with wrought silver knobs.

RUSSIAN CARRIAGES AND SLEDGES.

In Russia, besides the ordinary trains or sledges which are used for traveling during the long and severe winters, the people employ nearly all the vehicles which are known to the rest of Europe. In the great cities the upper circles of society are every day adopting the habits of the French. The truly national Russian carriages are generally small and uncovered, the traveler sits alone, and the driver occupies a position in front. Among the vehicles most commonly employed, and which are the most remarkable in form, are three—namely, the drosky, the teleka, and kabitka. We show in our illustration a couple of sledges. The single-horsed one is principally used for trotting purposes. It is very simple in its structure, and exceedingly light. The Russians possess a very fine breed of trotters, almost equal to our own American trotters. They are a tall, well-limbed, splendidly appointed race of animals, full of activity, fire, and speed. The performances of several specimens of this race proved, indeed, very remarkable at the last equine exhibition in Paris. The general form of the other sledge is that of a wheelless cradle or chaise, with a pair of shafts attached. In town, imperial carriages alone can have six horses. The nobles can harness four. The "bourgeoise," tradesmen, and all not noble, are restricted to three, but generally employ two horses.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DR. BESSELS, the director of the scientific corps of Captain HALL's steamer *Polaris*, in a letter addressed to the president of the National Academy of Sciences, dated Godhaven, August 16, states that he had already made some important observations in regard to the physics of the northern seas, such as a peculiar coloration of the water and an unexpectedly high specific gravity, the maximum of density noticed being 1.028. His experiences with his colleagues, Mr. BRYAN, the astronomer, and Mr. MEYER, the meteorologist, have been very satisfactory; the former gentleman having made a number of successful azimuth observations, and the latter approving himself an excellent mathematician and an accomplished observer, and an honor to the Signal Service, from which he was detailed for duty with Captain HALL. This information may perhaps serve in some measure to relieve the apprehensions expressed by Dr. DAVID WALKER, in his *Overland Monthly* article on Captain HALL's expedition, in regard to the scientific results of the voyage.

It is with great regret that we have to announce the recent death, in Boston, of Rev. J. A. SWAN, on the 31st of October last, at the age of forty-eight. Mr. SWAN has been long known among his New England friends for his love of natural history and his skill in the use of the microscope; and during his residence at Kennebunk, although a devoted pastor in that village, he found time to make numerous important explorations and observations in the natural history of the vicinity. Failing in health a few years ago, he visited Europe, and on his return was appointed to the responsible post of secretary of the Boston Society of Natural History, in connection with Professor A. HYATT, succeeding Mr. SCUDDER in charge of the business of the society. Apart from his scientific accomplishments, Mr. SWAN was endeared to all his friends by personal qualifications of the rarest merit.

Among the important works in natural history lately announced by the London publishers is one on the poisonous snakes of India, by Dr. FAYRER, an author to whom we have made frequent reference in connection with his experiments upon antidotes for snake poison. Another work is a manual of the anatomy of vertebrated animals, by Professor HUXLEY.

A new planet was discovered on the night of September 13 last, at Marseilles, by M. BORELLI, and named by him Lomia. This constitutes the 115th in the series of asteroids found between Mars and Jupiter.

The cultivation of edible fungi is being pursued with considerable vigor in England. An exhibition of fungi, especially of the edible and the poisonous species, was recently held in the grounds of the Royal Horticultural Society, which is described as being far the best that has yet taken place. Several new species were exhibited, and prizes were offered for the best collection. The visitors, who were very numerous, showed the greatest possible interest in the plants exhibited.

Telegraphic advices from the West bring the news of a serious disaster to the whaling fleet of the arctic seas, no less than thirty-three vessels having been destroyed, valued, with their cargoes, at a million and a half of dollars. Fortunately no lives were lost, although much suffering was experienced in consequence of the crowded quarters in which the crews of the vessels were obliged to huddle themselves. According to the reports brought in, the entire fleet had been working northward, with varying success, and in considerable numbers, in Behring Sea, and followed the whales into the Arctic Ocean, where fair success was met with, until about the 1st of September, when the ice came driving down, and in the course of a week or two a number of vessels were sunk, and others crushed by the ice or driven ashore. The catch destroyed amounted to 13,065 barrels of whale oil, and 965 barrels of sperm, and 100,000 pounds of bone. Most of the vessels were owned in New Bedford, where the loss will be keenly felt.

Professor ANDRÉ POEY, in a late number of *Nature*, gives a figure of what he considers to be a new form of cloud, observed by him only twice in his life, once at Washington, and once in Wisconsin. For fuller details he refers to the paper on the classification of clouds published last year in the *Rural New Yorker*, accompanied by figures and a description of this new phenomenon.

We learn from *Nature* that the English eclipse expedition sailed on the 26th of October in the *Mirzapore*, and expected to arrive at Point de Galle on the 27th of November. Professor RESPIGHI, of Rome, well known for his researches upon the physics of the sun, was to accompany the party.

According to the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, the Swatara Creek, a tributary of the Susquehanna, has lately been stocked with a large number of black bass, which will probably in time aid in supplying the Susquehanna River with an abundance of this valuable fish.

We have before us the recently published report of Commissioner R. W. RAYMOND upon statistics of mines and mining in the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains for the year 1870. This forms a stout volume of nearly 600 pages, illustrated by a number of plates and sections, embodying the result of a laborious personal examination, and that of several assistants. The report contains a detailed account of the present condition of the mining industry in California, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming, together with interesting statements in regard to improved metallurgical processes, such as especially relate to the treatment of auriferous ores, the chlorination and smelting of silver ores, etc. There are also chapters on narrow-gauge railways and their adaptation to mining regions, the mining law, the geographical distribution of mining districts, the origin of gold ingots and gold-dust, and the bullion product.

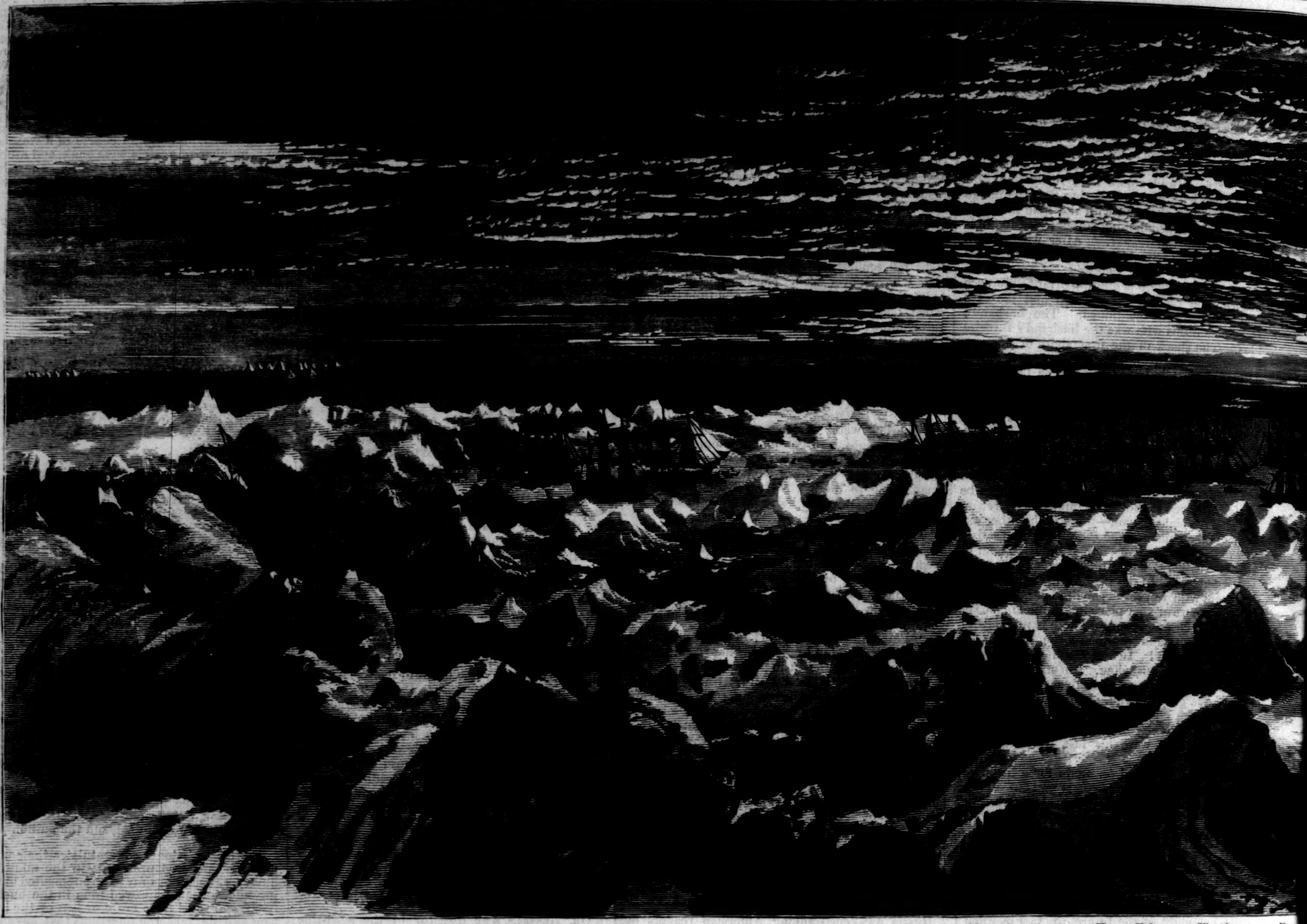
The Commissioner congratulates the country upon an increased prosperity in the mining industry, as seen not only in an augmented bullion product, but an improved tone in the business itself, and relief from more or less of the irritating and burdensome questions that have hitherto been connected with the mining interest. Although the excitements which so frequently carry off the miners and settlers of one region into a new locality have been comparatively rare, yet there have been a few of special note. Among these mentioned by Mr. RAYMOND are those caused by the discovery of gold in Southern California, near San Diego; the discovery of silver in the Burro Mountains, and the rumors of rich placers on Peace River, far into the interior of British Columbia; the bars of Snake River; several localities in Nevada, and others in Utah; the silver mines in the Caribou district of Colorado, etc. The work is too encyclopedic in its character to permit of an abstract in our pages, and we refer our readers to it for an exhaustive treatment, in an intelligible form, of the subject in question.

The annual report of the Light-house Board for the year preceding September, 1871, has just been printed as a department document, and gives a general account of the present condition of the service, with recommendations for its improvement. In consequence of the detaching of Admiral SHUBRICK from the chairmanship, the vacant office has been filled by an election to it of Professor JOSEPH HENRY, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

The British government is carrying the system of competitive examination for appointments in all the departments under its control to an extreme pitch. There are at the present time vacancies for a junior assistant in the herbarium at Kew, and for a clerk in the office of the Royal Gardens at Kew. The principals of these establishments had in their eye young men whom they wished should receive the appointments; but the government officials insist that they shall be thrown open to public competition, the examination to be such as clerks in any of the other offices would have to go through, the merest smattering of botany being added. No account will thus be taken of many qualifications equally important with literary ones—punctuality, neatness, an obliging demeanor, etc.; and the door is closed for the employment of young men of scientific tastes who may not have much literary acquirements. The British Museum is not yet under the control of the same department of the government, and the principals of that establishment are still permitted to nominate candidates for the subordinate posts, after which they have to submit to a qualifying examination.

A heavy rain occurred on the 31st of May last in the great desert of Atacama, Chili, a phenomenon hitherto almost entirely unknown in that region of the world.

The Society of the Friends of Science, in Posen, propose, on the 19th of February, 1873, to celebrate the 400th birthday of the eminent astronomer NICHOLAS COPERNICUS, at his birth-place, in the village of Thorn. In addition to the festivities of the occasion, they propose to publish an accurate biography of their countryman, and to prepare a monumental album, as also to strike an appropriate medal. A prize of 500 thalers is offered for the best biography that can be prepared before the 1st of January, 1873, to be based only upon authentic documents.



GENERAL VIEW OF T

ABANDONING THE BARKS "GEORGE," "GAYHEAD," AND "CONCORDIA" IN THE ICE OFF POINT BELCHER, SEPTEMBER 14, 1871.

THE RENDEZVOUS AT

DESTRUCTION OF THE WHALING-FLEET IN THE ARCT

OF T[...]HALING FLEET IN THE ICE.

[...]BOATS EFFECTING A LANDING.

BARKS "ARCTIC" AND "PROGRESS" RECEIVING THE CREWS OF THE WRECKED AND ABANDONED SHIPS SOUTH OF ICY CAPE.

[...]M SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN KELLY, OF THE "GAYHEAD."—[SEE PAGE 1130.]

CRUSHED AMONG ICEBERGS.

Of the arctic whaling fleet, forty in number, which proudly sailed on their perilous voyage from San Francisco and Honolulu last season, thirty-three have been crushed in the ice, and their crews have barely escaped with life through many hardships and perils. The tidings of this catastrophe were brought to Honolulu on the 23d October; and on that and the following day no fewer than 1200 shipwrecked mariners were landed upon the Hawiian shores.

The particulars of this crushing blow to the whaling enterprise of America may be gathered from the following details, supplied to us by Mr. THOMAS G. THRUM, of Honolulu, to whom also we are indebted for the several graphic sketches of some of the frighful situations of the fleet and its distressed crews which appear in our opening pages this week.

Early in May the whalers arrived at the south of Cape Thaddeus, where they found the ice; but it was so closely packed that they were unable to make much headway northward, and the wind was strong from the northeast for most of the month.

June commenced with light and variable winds and foggy weather, but the ice opened somewhat, and the ships made up in sight of Cape Navarine, where five or six whales were taken, and many more were heard spouting among the heavy ice, but they soon left. Toward the middle of June the ice opened, enabling the fleet to pursue their way north, picking up a few whales in crossing the Anadir Sea. When the ships made Cape Behring, the whales had mostly passed through the straits; the fleet had also passed through by the 30th June. They now commenced catching walrus, but with small success in comparison with former seasons. In the latter part of July strong winds prevailed from southeast and northeast, breaking up the walrus hunting; so the fleet pressed to the northeast for Icy Cape. Finding the ice disappear from the east shore south of Cape Lisburne, the fleet pushed to eastward, following the ice, the main body of which was in latitude 69° 10', in to the east shore, where they found a clear strip of water running along the land to northeast, and in this water the whalers worked up to a few miles off Icy Cape. Here some of them anchored, being unable to proceed further through the ice lying on Blossom Shoals, the wind at the same time blowing strong from the northeast. The wind moderated, and the ice started off the shoals about the 6th of August. In a few days most of the fleet reached north of Blossom Shoals, and the weather being favorable, they worked up to northeast, making Wainwright Inlet, where they captured a large number of whales, though many more were lost, the ice being very heavy and densely packed; but notwithstanding this, the prospects appeared good, and promised a large season's catch. The ships all anchored or made fast to heavy ground-ice, and whaling was continued smartly for several days, when, about the 11th August, a large number of the boats that had been cruising in the open ice were caught in it by a shifting wind setting the ice on shore. This wind was from the west, and the ships were compelled to get under way to save themselves from being jammed. They worked inshore under the lee of the ground-ice, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that they succeeded in saving the boats, having to haul them for long distances over the ice, which now set steadily on shore; and, to avoid being stove, the ships got into shoal water. On the 13th the ice stopped, having at last grounded, leaving an open space of water along the land up to Point Belcher. The boats were kept off whaling continually, and plenty of whales were heard and seen among the heavy ice, but were inaccessible.

Up to the 25th of August the ships remained safely anchored and tied up to the ice, waiting for a strong northeaster to open up the ice off the land. On that day a strong northeast gale set in, and the ice opened and went off shore. On the 27th the weather was good, whales plentiful, and many were taken; and as it was considered that the ice was going off permanently, the ships all got under way, and began whaling in earnest.

They had fine weather and light, variable winds on the 28th; but on the 29th a southwest wind, light in the morning, freshened so toward the evening that the ice set inshore, and caught some of the ships in the pack, while the rest barely succeeded in retreating inshore ahead of the ice, where they anchored in from three to four fathoms of water, the ice still coming in, and small ice packing round the ships. By the strong current which ran to the northeast the large, heavy floe-ice grounded in the shoal water, and inside of this many of the ships lay, while those which could not get in kept working in, as they found it possible, to prevent staving. Storms and winds from south to northwest, with snow, now visited the devoted vessels, many of which were so close together as not to have room enough to swing clear of each other.

And now a series of disasters began, which culminated in the almost total destruction of the arctic whaling fleet.

On the 2d of September the brig *Comet* was completely crushed in the heavy ice, her crew hardly escaping to the other vessels. The ice, too, began to set on shore heavily, and the open space of water became gradually narrower, and the possibility of the vessels getting out grew less and less. Still our brave mariners cherished strong hopes that a northeast gale would yet open a way for their passage. Indeed, though day after day went without any sign of the ice opening, the brave men were more anxious about the loss of time than their apparent danger—so unwilling were they to believe that the ice would not go off shore, as in all their former experience it had done under similar circumstances. Nothing, however, could be viewed but ice off shore to the utmost range of vision, and the only clear water to be seen was that inshore, and which had become narrowed to from two hundred yards to half a mile wide, where the ships were lying, some packed in the ice, others in open water extending from Point Belcher to about two or three miles south of Wainwright Inlet. The wind continued from southeast to southwest, always light from southeast, and fresh from southwest, causing the ice to pack more closely together every day.

On the 7th the bark *Roman* had been crushed by the ice. She had been caught while cutting a whale, and had drifted helplessly with the ice so far as Sea-horse Islands, and was there caught between two immense floes of ice, one of them being aground, and the other, a tremendous floe of several miles in length, thundered against the fated vessel from off shore, crushing her to atoms. The officers and crew fortunately escaped over the ice to the other ships, saving hardly any thing but their lives.

These several disasters were alone enough to strike the fleet with consternation, but worse was slowly but surely approaching; and on the 8th the fleet beheld the bark *Awashenks* shattered between the stupendous floe and ground ice, and again received a fugitive crew who had lost their all.

The jeopardy in which they were situated now forced itself upon the gallant mariners; and as the season was rapidly advancing toward its close, and the ice increased daily in the open water, the danger of being frozen in seemed imminent. The masters all met to consult upon the situation, and arrange some means for the rescue of their crews, in the event of its becoming impossible to remove the ships from their pent-up position. The masters concluded to make preparations for the final escape, but indulged in sanguine hopes that the ice would yet open, and obviate the necessity for abandoning the ships which were so dear to them. In the first place, they lightened the brig *Kohola*, to get her over the bar at Wainwright Inlet, on which there was five or six feet of water. Her oil and stores were then landed on the deck of the *Charlotte*, of San Francisco, but the *Kohola* was then found to draw nine feet of water. After taking her down the coast close to the beach, an attempt was made to take her over the shoal water, but unsuccessfully, on account of her draught, and the project had to be given up. Then an expedition of three boats was fitted out and went down the coast, under the command of Captain D. R. FRASER, who succeeded in finding the vessels *Arctic, Progress, Midas, Lagoda, Chance, Daniel Webster*, and *Europa*, which had kept out of the ice, and he found their masters willing to stay and wait for the crews of the distressed vessels as long as their anchors would hold out.

Indulging in their cherished hope that the ice would yet open and let them out, the masters and crews remained steadfast to the distressed vessels, and Captain REDFIELD, of the brig *Victoria*, repeated upon his vessel the experiment which had been tried upon the *Kohola*, but without effect.

As on the night of the 9th September the clear water round the ships began to freeze over and the weather became calm, it was deemed well to lose no time in forwarding supplies of provisions to the vessels waiting in the south before the passage by boats was cut off by the ice, and so compel them to travel on the ice to those vessels. The boats were coppered round the bows to protect them from damage by the ice, which had already accumulated in the open space, and the provisions were sent south. This measure was adopted with much reluctance by the bravehearted men, because it appeared so much like an ultimate abandonment of their vessels, and that was a thing hard for them even to entertain. Still they knew that in case their ships escaped the destruction then impending, those provisions could be reconveyed to their vessels; and it was this reflection that buoyed them up in their sad task, and they "hoped against hope" to the very last.

After waiting what was to them a long, dreary while, until the 13th September, another meeting of the masters took place, when the painful conclusion was arrived at that in order to save the lives of their crews they would be obliged to abandon their vessels, as it was quite impossible to winter there, the supply of provisions being insufficient for three or four months, which is less than a third of the length of winter in those regions. The masters also concluded that as the ships lay in the open sea, exposed to the weather, the probability was strong that they would all be destroyed by the ice, although they were ready to stay any length of time by their ships that they could exist upon the provisions, if sure of a vessel to take them off in the last extremity. Consider the case as they would, they could not see any prospect of saving the ships if they staid by them, and unless they made their escape while they could do so, starvation and death seemed the only alternative. Accordingly, with heavy hearts, and feelings which none but those who have been similarly situated can describe or realize, all the ships' companies, at the preconcerted signal—colors set at the mast-heads—got ready to leave their vessels on the 14th; and on that day at four P.M. every ship's company had left their vessels and proceeded on their way south, carrying only such provisions and clothing as were positively needful.

During their progress southward they found that the ice had increased to an extent greater than they had imagined, and felt satisfied that, even though they had succeeded in taking the brigs over the bar at Wainwright Inlet, they would never have got them into the clear water in the south. On the night of the 14th they camped on the beach, and at daylight on the 15th they went on their way to Icy Cape, the wind blowing strong from the south. When they came in sight of the waiting ships they were indeed grateful to that Providence which had guided them, and preserved means for their rescue from the frightful perils and hardships through which they had passed. They experienced great difficulty in getting off to the ships, owing to the rugged sea and necessarily deep loading of the boats. The *Arctic, Midas*, and *Progress* each lost an anchor in trying to hold on to receive the crews who went on board the seven vessels then standing by for the rescue, as promised to Captain FRASER. The boats were cut adrift, as the crowded state of the ships precluded them from saving one of them. On the 16th September—the last boat's crew having been taken on board—the seven vessels weighed anchor, the wind blowing strong from northwest, and proceeded southwest for Plover Bay, where they touched, and took in water and wood sufficient for the voyage to the Hawaiian Islands. They reached Plover Bay on the 24th, and sailed thence the 25th September for Honolulu.

The distance traveled by the boats after the abandonment, until reaching the rescuing vessels south of Icy Cape, was about seventy miles; the ice to seaward being one compact mass, and the water along the beach being a very narrow strip, for the entire distance very shoal.

AGLAË.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

I HOLD Fulton Street, New York, to be the most absolutely unpoetic, anti-romantic street known to civilized men. It seems a place where it would be impossible for the "violet of a legend" to blow, for any thing sentimental, or dramatic, or æsthetic to happen, for any adventure to find a scene, except such adventure as the collision of a "stage" with a wagon, or the fall of a cart-horse, or the running down of a stray passenger. Yet there was something which had a little affinity to old romance in the feelings which shot through the heart of George Sternhold one day as, hurrying up Fulton Street, he passed suddenly a pale face and a pair of dark eyes.

He had only had a mere glance at the pale face and the dark eyes, and yet the glance quite overcame him. Surprise, emotion, old memories, came rushing on him. He came to a full stop in the crowded street, and, coming to a full stop, came, of course, into collision with several hurrying wayfarers, who had in no wise counted on his sudden pause. He looked anxiously back through the crowd—and, yes, the owner of the pale face and dark eyes had stopped too, and was looking back after him.

Yet even then he did not hasten toward the girl who had stopped in the crowd. He moved toward her slowly, as one not yet assured whether she was really the person he supposed, or not quite certain what his reception might be if she were.

She stood and waited. She was a handsome girl, with colorless cheeks and slender, shapely form. She was plainly dressed, and her expression was one of sadness. She was looking after Sternhold with a face that spoke of surprise and melancholy.

He came up to her at last, shouldering many people out of his way in order to approach her. As he came near, the lingering doubt which had kept possession of his mind thus far wholly disappeared.

"Aglaë!" he exclaimed. What a name to be spoken in Fulton Street, quite near the market, in the region of boot-shops, hardware stores, and whisky-vaults!

"George!" said the girl, in a sad, strange tone; and then their hands touched mechanically.

"I never expected to meet you here, Aglaë."

"Nor I you, George; else I would not have come here," she added, firmly, although with apparent reluctance, as if unwilling to give him pain.

"No," he said, with some bitterness, "you need not tell me that. Now that we have met we may speak a few words to each other. Where were you going?"

"I was crossing to Brooklyn."

"May I go across with you? We can exchange a few words on the boat. Do you object?" he asked, impatiently.

"Oh no, I don't object."

He turned, and they walked in silence to the ferry. They went on board the boat, and walked out to the forepart of it. It was not a time of day when the boats are overcrowded, and the two were left nearly alone.

"Aglaë, how did you come here? Why did you come? How long have you been here?" He poured out these questions almost vehemently.

"George, why did *you* come here, and how long have you been here? Did we not promise each other that an ocean should always be between us, and did you not say that you would never return to America?"

"Yes; but did you not say you were going to Australia?"

"I did go to Australia."

"And you came here?"

"I came here, yes, because the kind people to whom I owe my means of living, and who have always sheltered me, came here. I could not leave them. I have to earn my bread, George."

"Of course, of course. Need you tell me that? You would not allow me to help you."

She shook her head.

"*I* came here," he said, "because I could not help it, I suppose. Why does a ghost come back and haunt dismal old ruins, where no one who ever knew him, or cared a straw for him in the flesh, still lingers? I came here because I was sick and weary of knocking about Europe, a lonely and miserable wretch. No matter; I shall go away again. I shall go back to Europe—or to Australia, perhaps."

The boat was approaching the Brooklyn shore.

"I expect some friends to meet me," Aglaë said, timidly, but with significance.

"Very well; then, of course, I shall go with you no farther. But I want to see you again, and to speak with you, Aglaë. No; I will listen to no denial. I have a right to speak with you, since we have met. Where can I see you?"

"Can our meeting do any good, George?"

"I don't care. Let it do good or evil, I must speak with you again."

"We live," she said, slowly, "near Madison Square. I will walk in the square to-morrow at two o'clock, and meet you there—for once."

Then they parted. Tears were actually bursting from her eyes as she allowed her hand to rest a moment in his. George Sternhold entered the boat to return to New York, and became absorbed in thought.

"I have always," he said to himself, "laughed at people who talked in high-flown words of destiny and fate and such fancies. Yet might not one believe in an inexorable and capricious destiny if he knew that the very first week of my return to New York I should have met her, whom I believed to be away in Australia, she having every reason to believe me away in Europe? Well, I must go away again. I must not stay to interfere with her. Poor girl—poor Aglaë! And yet she seems calmer and happier than I am. Why should she not be? She is the victim, not the criminal. To-day she came on me, with her dark, melancholy eyes, like a haunting ghost."

The young man was soon back again in crowded Fulton Street, through which he carried the light of passion and disappointment and romance, even as Diogenes carried his lantern through the streets of Athens, only that Diogenes wished his lamp to be seen, and ostentatiously showed it; whereas George Sternhold would have concealed his from his closest friend, or his brother, if he had one.

Sternhold had no father or mother, sister or brother, living. He came from one of the Western States, his father being of German extraction. He had some money, and had long lived a wandering life. Now he had only just returned to New York; and it was in New York that he had first seen Aglaë.

He spent a restless evening and night, and a restless forenoon next day. He dressed somewhat carefully, however, for his walk in Madison Square. He was first on the ground; but it was not long before he saw Aglaë approaching him. A sudden pang shot through him as he observed how thin her face was, and how poorly she was dressed. The diamond ring or the diamond pin he wore would have bought all her clothes many times over.

They shook hands again, and walked side by side for a while without speaking. At last Aglaë broke the silence:

"You wished to speak to me, George?"

"I wished to know how you are living, Aglaë, and if you are happy, and—and what you wish me to do."

"I am living with the same family who were so kind to me, and took me with them when—when I wanted a home. I am as happy as I could expect or ask to be, and I do not ask you to do any thing except what you know is necessary, except to avoid me. I do not want you to leave New York, George; I have no wish to drive you from your home. It was you, and not I, who insisted that an ocean must always lie between us."

"You are very good, Aglaë—your heart was always good."

She glanced up at him wistfully.

"But I am going away again," he continued, in an excited tone. "I ought not to stay, you know. I should only be interfering with you, and marring your projects and your way of life, and making you unhappy; and so I must go. I was wholly wrong, Aglaë—"

She made a slight gesture, as if she were about to protest, but he hurried on, overwhelming her intended interruption—

"I was wholly wrong, but that is no reason why I should make you unhappy. So I am going away to-morrow, unless, Aglaë, unless you have overcome your scruples, and will take steps to set yourself wholly free. It can be done, and, at any sacrifice to myself, it shall be done, if you desire it, and I think you may fairly and rightly desire it."

"I think I do desire it, George" (she brought the words out with a tremor and a great choking gulp). "I think it would be best for both of us—for you much more than for me."

"Then it has really come to this!" the young man broke in, with a look of bitter anger.

"Better it came to this, George—the sooner the better. We made a great mistake. Once I thought we could not repair it, and that we ought not to try. But I have lately come to think differently. You are quite too young to be doomed to this sort of life any more."

"And you, Aglaë, you feel, I suppose, that you ought not to be doomed to it any longer. Is not that the reason for your change of purpose?"

She glanced at him sadly and reproachfully, and was about to make some answer, when the dialogue was suddenly broken in upon by a lady and gentleman who were crossing the square, and who came to a full stop on seeing them. The lady was a handsome woman of middle age or more; the gentleman was handsome and young. The resemblance his eyes and features bore to her would have settled their relationship at once in the mind of any one blessed with the faculty of observation.

"George Sternhold, I do declare!" exclaimed the lady, holding out both hands to the young man she named. "Why, you roving creature,

I thought you were thousands of miles away! When did you come back? This is my son. I believe you never met him before. He has only just come home from Egypt. And how on earth did you come to know my dear young friend Aglaë Roden?"

This lady, Mrs. Denbigh by name, was one of George's best and oldest friends, and had been a school-fellow of his mother's, whom she dearly loved. She was now, it seemed, an intimate friend of the Thurston family—the family with whom Aglaë lived. Her son and Aglaë were well acquainted already, it would appear; and when Mrs. Denbigh took George's arm and began to pour out inquiries as to his past, present, and future, Aglaë and young Theodore Denbigh fell behind and talked in a low tone. Through all the animated, eager, kindly questionings of Mrs. Denbigh George strained his sense of hearing and his attention to the utmost, in the hope that some of the words which were passing between Aglaë and the young man might reach him. His efforts were all in vain: he could hear nothing.

"Now I can't let you off, George," said the kindly lady, as she prepared to leave him, "until you promise to come and dine with me today. Aglaë Roden is coming; and, of course, my son will be there: and no one else. So we can talk over your affairs, and learn what you are going to do with yourself for the future. You know the house pretty well already—it is the old house. We have not changed, although fashion is moving farther and farther up town every day. You will come?"

Aglaë cast a pleading glance at George, as if to beg of him not to come. It only needed this to determine him. He went, and dined with his friend, his friend's son, and Aglaë. They had, apparently, a very delightful evening. Aglaë sang, and Theodore Denbigh turned the leaves of her music for her; while George, who could not sing, talked apart with his hostess, and tried in vain to keep his anxious eyes from wandering to the piano. Once Aglaë and Theodore sang a duet.

"How charmingly their voices blend!" said Mrs. Denbigh.

"Delightfully," said George, grimly.

"Don't you like my son, George? I do so want you to like him very much, and to be his friend. I think him a splendid young fellow."

"Do you, really?" asked George, not knowing what he was saying.

"Do I really? Why, of course I do. Don't you? Doesn't every body?"

"Aglaë does, I suppose—I mean Miss Roden," murmured George.

"Of course she does. How could any girl help thinking it? Is she not a sweet, good girl? She ought to get married soon; and oh, I do so hope she will find some man worthy of her, capable of appreciating her! I don't believe there are a dozen young men in New York fit to receive the gift of such a heart. How did you come to know her, George? You never told me."

So the evening wore away; and George walked home, and Aglaë was sent home in the carriage. George had not a chance of exchanging a word with her unheard. But he sat down that very night and wrote her a few lines of a letter, which he sent to her next day. This was the letter:

"I am not blind, Aglaë, and I understand why you should wish to be free. You shall be free. I will at once begin to take the proper steps. I do not blame you, and I only ask you to forgive me. GEORGE."

In a few hours he received the following answer:

"You *are* blind, George; but do as you will. Only give me a little time to think. I want to be certain whether I ought not first to tell all to my dear and kind friends. Do nothing, then, I beseech of you, for just two weeks. My mind is bewildered, and I can not think calmly of any thing now. Forgive you? Oh, surely you ought to know—Heaven knows—how truly and entirely I forgive you. AGLAË."

George passed a whole hour, now reading this letter over and over, and then covering his face with his hands and thinking. Then he went out and called, first on Mrs. Denbigh and next on the Thurstons, eagerly hoping that he might see Aglaë. But he did not see her.

From that time he haunted every place where she could be seen. He courted the intimacy of the Thurstons, who were always very glad to welcome him, and he dined with them constantly. There he met Aglaë often; and there, too, he often met young Theodore Denbigh, who hung after the girl as if he were her shadow, and would not be repelled, although she plainly discouraged and tried to avoid him now. Every body could see whither that handsome youth's destiny was leading him; and George Sternhold heard a good deal said about the subject, which it was a bitter trial to bear.

"I am delighted at it," said Mrs. Thurston to him one evening. "He is a fine young fellow, and she is the best girl in the world. She is very poor; his mother is rich, has no other child, and is only too willing that her fortune shall make him happy with any woman he loves."

"Then she will marry him, you think?" asked George between his teeth.

"Marry him—marry Theodore Denbigh? Why, of course she will. What girl could desire any thing better?"

"True," said George, with a spasmodic smile and a bitter heart-pang. "Of course; you are quite right."

Mrs. Thurston looked wonderingly, keenly at him, and changed the conversation.

Next day George said to himself, "I can bear this no longer. I must see her alone, and speak with her."

So he went to Mrs. Thurston's and asked, not for any of the family, but for Miss Roden. He sent up his card, and waited in the reception-room, his heart beating wildly, and his lips quivering. Presently he saw Theodore Denbigh come down stairs, pass the door of the reception-room, and leave the house. George ran to the window and looked after him. Denbigh's face wore a crimson flush, and he appeared to be deeply agitated.

Presently a servant came down and brought Miss Roden's compliments, and her regrets that she was not well enough that day to receive Mr. Sternhold.

George went home, convulsed with anger and disappointment, and wrote three successive letters—one full of bitter reproaches, one of pathetic, passionate appeal, and one of cold and studied politeness and formality. Each was addressed to Aglaë, but each in turn he had the good sense to tear up after reading it over.

Next day he received a few lines from Mrs. Denbigh begging of him to come at once and see her. He went to her house immediately. Mrs. Denbigh was alone, very much agitated, apparently, and with eyes that had hardly yet ceased from tears.

"Oh, George, I am so glad you have come! I am in trouble to-day; we are all in trouble. My poor, dear, darling Theodore had set his whole heart and soul on marrying Aglaë Roden, and I so wished it, too; and the poor boy has poured out his love to her, and she has rejected him, and he is in despair."

A ghastly tremor passed over George's face. He tried once or twice to speak, and could not. At last he got out some hard and toneless words.

"Perhaps she will relent; perhaps she only wants a little time. Tell Theodore he has only to wait."

"Ah, no! I have been to her to-day. I have reasoned with her, pleaded for him, begged of her. She says she can not marry him; and I have sent for you, George, because, when I insisted on knowing the reason why, she bade me ask *you*, and said you could tell me."

George started to his feet.

"What does all this mean, George Sternhold? Have you been deceiving me? You knew of my poor boy's love for this girl—have you been secretly trying to supplant him? For shame, if you have, treacherous friend! Come, speak out and tell me. Have you been making love to this woman? Is she in love with you?"

"No," he replied, sternly; "she is not in love with me, and I have not been making love to her—lately. If any one has been humiliated and wronged in all this, I have been. Aglaë is not in love with me, Mrs. Denbigh, but she is none the less my wife! We were privately married at Bonn fifteen months ago, and we separated soon after, no matter for what. She has refused your son only because she is still my wife. I am about to set her free by means of a divorce, which can be had easily enough, God knows, by the accursed laws of some of our States. It is only a question of time. Let your son wait. When she is rid of me she will doubtless marry him, if he will. And he may, for, as sure as Heaven, there is no spot or stain on her. I, who was not worthy of her, and whom she justly casts away, must, in common justice and decency, say so much of her. Even though she has been my wife, she is pure and good enough for your son, or for the best man that ever lived!"

Mrs. Denbigh listened, amazed, bewildered, to the passionate utterances of the excited young man. She forgot her own distress and that of her son in the presence of the wild agony which was marked in the face and echoed in the voice of poor George Sternhold.

"George, my dear boy," she said at last; "dear son of my best and oldest friend, this is a strange, sad story. I will not ask you to tell me the whole of it, or any more of it now; but I have something to tell *you*. Do nothing rashly; and if you love your wife, as I think you do, go to her and tell her so. For if I know any thing whatever of a woman's feelings, Aglaë loves you dearly, George, to-day."

Some two years before this time it was that George Sternhold first saw Aglaë Roden. She was then a poor orphan girl trying to teach her way into a living. And the task was the more bitter to her because she had never been prepared for it. Her father was a merchant engaged in the Greek trade, and at one time very flourishing; her mother, who had long been dead, was a Greek. Mr. Roden lived for many years in splendid style, then got into difficulties, then tried more audacious and reckless speculation, then broke into enterprises which might be called criminal, then was exposed and disgraced, and killed himself. George Sternhold pitied and loved Aglaë; but his mother was alive; he was wholly dependent on her, and he did not venture to tell her of his love for the daughter of the disgraced merchant, who had first ruined and then killed himself. Aglaë was offered an engagement to teach at a school in Bonn, on the Rhine, and went there; and George, traveling in Europe soon after, found her out, and renewed his love-suit, and easily won her whole heart, and at last persuaded her to marry him privately. Some mad whim made him absurdly jealous of her, utterly without cause, as he soon found out. This was within a month after their marriage, and he loaded her with insane reproaches, taunted her with having drawn him into a marriage, flung himself into open and reckless dissipation; and then recovering his reason, knowing how utterly he had wronged and misunderstood his wife, despairing of forgiveness, and believing himself unworthy even to touch her hand, he went to her and told her they must separate. If he had but asked for her forgiveness! If he had but said a word of love! She was only too anxious to forget all and forgive all. But he looked on himself and his offenses with pitiless eyes; believed himself lost beyond reparation; persuaded himself that the only atonement he could make to her was to leave her. And so they parted. Her marriage had been kept a complete secret. She had always retained her own name. And when George left her, those who had observed their intimacy only supposed that two lovers had quarreled and parted. It so happened that the Thurston family—New York people, engaged in commerce in Australia—made the acquaintance of Aglaë at Bonn, and offered to take her with them to Melbourne. She welcomed a change that seemed to bear her quite away forever from all her old life; and she left Europe, while George declared that he would return no more to America. After his mother's sudden death, however, he changed his mind. He wandered back, penitent and sad, to New York, and there the first week of his arrival he came face to face with Aglaë.

Long and earnestly Mrs. Denbigh talked with Sternhold the day he made his avowal to her. The true-hearted woman thought little for the moment even of her son's disappointment in her earnest wish to bring this sundered pair together.

"Shall I go to her and plead for you, George, my dear?" asked she at last.

"No, Mrs. Denbigh," the young man replied, firmly; "though I thank you for the goodwill. I owe it to her to plead to her myself, and ask her for pardon and love. Even if she still casts me off, I shall always love her."

"She will not cast you off," Mrs. Denbigh said, decisively. "She loves you, and only longs to throw herself into your arms."

And so it proved. Aglaë needed no pleading. When he told her he loved her, that was enough for her. She poured out upon him a tender love which never had changed. They were publicly married in New York, and are happy; and perhaps in time poor Theodore Denbigh will get over his disappointment, and fall in love with some one who can give him a heart, which Aglaë Sternhold had not to give.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE disastrous effects of a panic are strikingly exemplified in the terrible and fatal accident which recently occurred in the African Baptist Church at Louisville, Kentucky. Between six and seven hundred persons were gathered at the Sunday evening service. The sermon was concluded, and the congregation were about to unite in singing a familiar hymn, when a peculiar crashing, crackling sound was heard. Though the audience were startled, all might have been well had not some thoughtless person, crying out that the church was falling, rushed for the door. The panic that followed was fearful. The narrow stairways were instantly crowded with a struggling, shrieking, surging mass; the weak were trampled down by the strong; eager to escape from some unknown danger, the frenzied people fought their way to the door, or tore out the windows and jumped to the ground. In vain the pastor and a few others, who retained their presence of mind, sought to quell the tumult. When, at length, the frantic mass were without the building eleven dead bodies lay in and near the vestibule—nine women and two children, nearly all apparently suffocated. Several others were severely injured, and over seventy-five more or less bruised. An examination of the building showed that one of the pillars which supported the floor had fallen from its place, and caused the floor to sway down about two inches. The floor in that part of the house was very loose and shaky, but as the other pillars remained firm, it does not seem probable that even the weight of the great crowd in the church at the time would have caused it to give way, and if the congregation had remained seated, or dispersed quietly, not a single one would have been injured.

The Czar of all the Russias cares little for outward pomp: he is a man of remarkable simplicity in all his modes of life. He wanders through the crowded streets of St. Petersburg alone; and in the country, if accompanied at all, goes out generally with some member of his family. He often drives himself, there being neither outriders nor guards.

It is comforting to know that our new territory, Alaska, has other uses than the producing of seals and icebergs. The quality of coal mined in Alaska is said to be excellent, and the beds almost inexhaustible. These coal beds are found near the sea-coast, and also on adjacent islands. It is believed that when arrangements are perfected coal can be delivered in San Francisco at a cost of less than six dollars a ton. The value of accessible coal mines on the Pacific coast will be very great.

The friends of religious liberty may draw encouragement from the result of the efforts of the Evangelical Alliance to obtain from the Emperor of Russia a greater degree of religious toleration in the Baltic provinces. The American delegation was most courteously treated by Prince Gortschakoff, the representative of the czar. At the close of the interview Dr. Schaff, in behalf of the deputies, asked the prince whether they might expect a written reply, and whether he had any objection to their giving publicity to the views expressed by him on this occasion. To this he replied: "I am now seventy-three years old, and have learned by long experience that much writing is apt to prevent acting. I put to paper as little as possible. But you are at perfect liberty to publish the proceedings of this interview; and," he added, with some emphasis, pressing the hand of the deputy, "I authorize you to inform the world that the emperor and myself are in full sympathy with religious liberty, and shall do all in our power to promote it."

A Baltimore court has just rendered a decision by which negroes are allowed to ride in the street cars of that city.

One of the latest patented machines in London is for splitting beans. Coffee-dealers purchase it.

The book-trade of Chicago was enormous—about five millions of dollars annually—and included every department of the business. The finest group of book-stores in the world was the marble block destroyed in Chicago.

The following incident—which comes to us from a private source—illustrates the spirit of many of the carmen during the fatal fire in Chicago. A law publisher, finding that his stereotype plates were in danger, succeeded in getting them out upon the sidewalk. There were about two cart-loads. He offered a carman five hundred dollars a load to take them to a place of safety. The publisher's name was well known, and he was perfectly good for the amount promised. But the carman refused to take the loads unless the money was paid down at the time; and as the publisher did not carry thousand-dollar bills in his pocket, the plates melted on the sidewalk.

A Southern paper having discussed the question propounded by a New York paper, "Shall the next President of the United States be a woman?" concludes as follows: "We nominate Powers's 'Greek Slave.' She has three of the qualifications, at least—a marble brow, a finely chiseled nose, and a silent tongue."

Some weeks ago Colonel Downing, chief of the Cherokee nation, married a wealthy and cultivated lady of Philadelphia. There is some romance connected with this royal marriage. Several years ago the lady met the handsome chief—then a married man—in the Quaker City, and became deeply interested in him and his distant people. With the resolution of devoting her life and wealth to the advancement of the Cherokees, she removed to Tahlequah, where she has since lived, active in promoting the religious and educational welfare of the nation. Some years ago she adopted young Lewis Downing, son of the chief, a bright and promising boy, and has since watched over his training and education with more than motherly care. A year ago she built, ostensibly for him, an elegant residence overlooking the beautiful village, and furnished it with artistic taste. A few months since occurred the death of Mrs. Downing, a full-blood Cherokee; and now the chief has led to the altar his old admirer.

A more unpropitious season for working the Louisiana sugar crop has not been encountered, it is alleged, for many years. The prospect is gloomy for sugar-planters in that section, and for the large interests involved with, and depending upon, their industry.

Pius IX., it is said, refuses to emerge from his gloomy retirement in the Vatican. He has been told that his life is not safe if he appears in the streets of Rome, and he has lent a credulous ear to these absurd tales. It is becoming more and more difficult to see the art treasures of his great palace. Visitors in Rome are often unable to gain admittance to the museum of statuary, which is open only once a week, and then only for a few hours; and access to the paintings of the Vatican is becoming next to impossible.

A Texas exchange relates a story of a party of surveyors who stopped one night at a log-cabin on the Brazos. Their hostess invited them to supper. Being seated at the table, she asked them in turn if they would have sugar in their coffee.

"Yes," they replied.

"Make mine very sweet," said one.

"And mine too," said another.

The lady smilingly acknowledged the wishes of each of her guests, and proceeded to pour out the coffee. Suddenly stopping, she looked gravely around the table, and said,

"*But, gentlemen, I hain't got a bit of sugar!*"

It is needless to say they took coffee without sweetening.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG man from the country, out walking with a young lady, cudgeled his brains for some interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with, but in vain; he could hit upon nothing until they met several cows, when the swain said, with much simplicity of manner, "Now isn't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?" To which the lady replied, "I do not think it strange, Sir, that a cow should have a motherly appearance to a calf."

A good-natured traveler fell asleep in a train, and was carried far beyond his destination. "A pretty good joke this, isn't it?" said he to a fellow-passenger. "Yes, but a little too far-fetched," was the rejoinder.

Why is a pig like a miser?—Because he is no good until he is dead.

"Don't you think my son resembles me?" asked an apothecary, as he introduced his greasy-faced boy to the witty Dr. H——. "Yes," replied the doctor, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each—"yes, I think I see your *liniments* in his countenance."

Bald-headed men take a joke more easily than others, because they are not at the trouble of getting it through the hair.

An Episcopal clergyman, who rather likes a joke, was engaged to read the service for a brother minister, and was hurrying to church, a little belated, on Sunday morning. A friend, struck by his uncommon speed, inquired, "Sir, why so fast?" "In order," said he, "that he who runs may read."

SONG OF THE OYSTER—"Keep me in my little bed."

"Autumn," says a writer, "is the time to read big books, because that season turns the leaves."

FEE SIMPLE—Money given to a quack doctor.

Why is the crow a brave bird?—Because he never shows the white feather.

It does not prove that a pawnbroker is of an inquisitive turn of mind because he wants to know the name and address of every body.

An exchange has discovered that more married than single persons get divorced. It must have taken hard study to make this discovery.

PAPER CUFFS—Newspaper attacks.

"Mother, this book tells about the angry waves of the ocean. Now what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been *crossed* so often, my son."

A California editor has bought a mule, and a brother editor chronicles it as a remarkable instance of self-possession.

A lady had her dress trimmed with "bugles" before going to a ball. Her little daughter wanted to know if the bugles would blow when she danced. "Oh no," said mother, "papa will do that when he sees the bill!"

An outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream. "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?" "Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a *beaver* should take to the water."

Why is a man searching for the philosopher's stone like Neptune?—Because he is a sea-king what never did exist.

KILLING THE TURKEYS.

DRIVING TURKEYS TO THE PICKING-HOUSE.

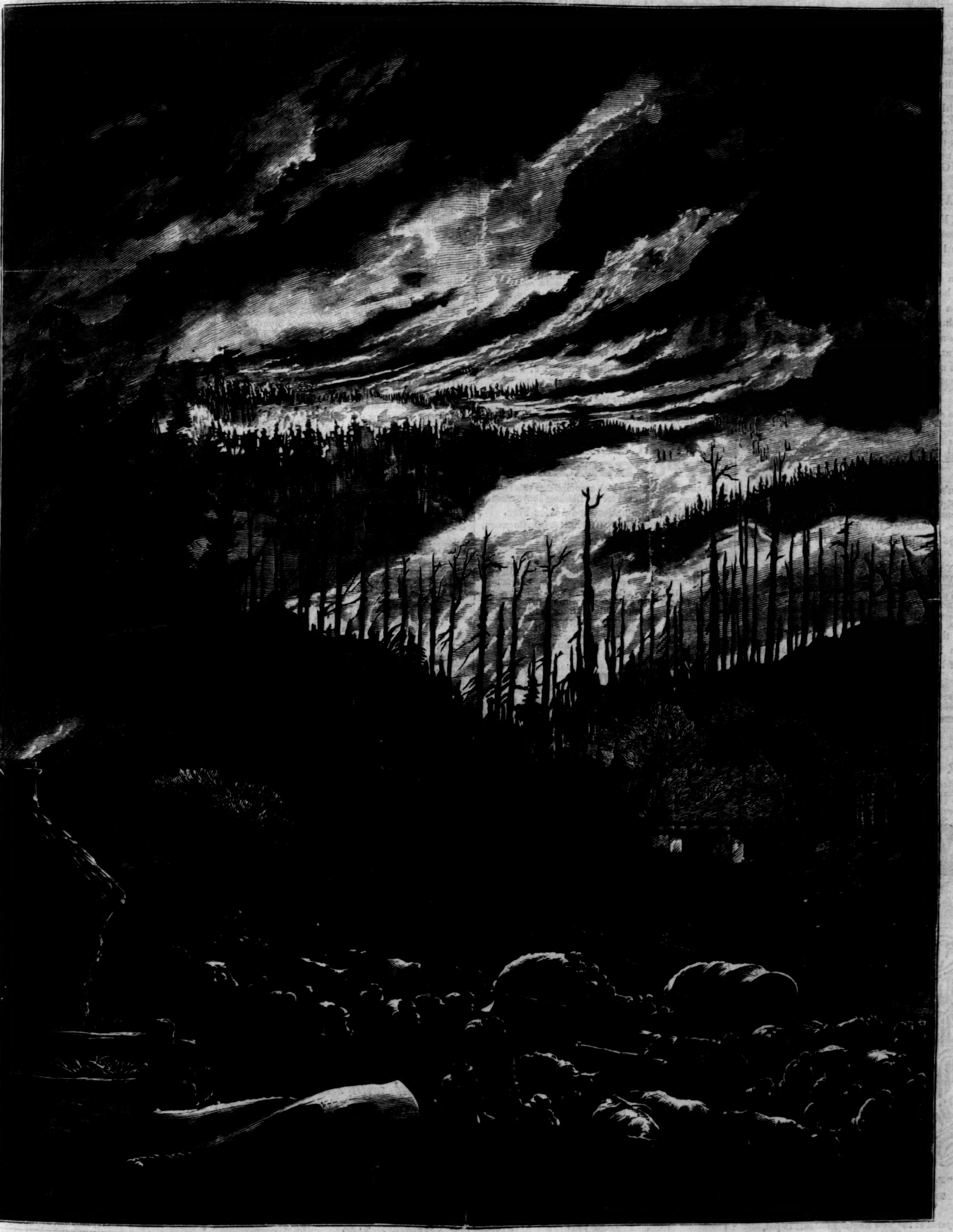
THE PICKING-HOUSE.

BUYING THE TURKEYS.

OUR THANKSGIVING BIRD.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1133.]

THE WESTERN FIRES.

We give on this page another illustration of the terrible fire which raged through the Western forests a few weeks ago, of which we have already presented our readers with several graphic sketches. This picture gives an idea of the vast extent of the conflagration, as well as the force and fury with which it swept over miles and miles of woodland and prairie. The loss of life and property can even yet be only vaguely estimated. A lady, writing from Green Bay, Wisconsin, the sad story of Peshtigo, mentions that one family from Richmond, Maine, were all swept away, except one daughter who happened to be at Green Bay. Of another family from Connecticut only one child is left. There were in Peshtigo four families named Newberry, numbering twenty persons, and of them all only one child lives; all the others perished. The lady writes that all surviving sufferers agree in one statement—namely, that this was no ordinary fire; that almost instantaneously there seemed to be a perfect rain of fire, from which escape was almost impossible, the sparks falling thick and fast as drifting snow. One man will tell you that, seeing falling sparks, he thought he would wet the roof of his house. Suddenly, with a fearful rush and roar, there passed just over his head, so closely that he shrank from it in mortal terror, a cloud of midnight blackness, about as large round as a hogshead, and perhaps twenty feet in length, rolling over and over with whirlwind velocity. When a few yards away it burst, like the bursting of a shell, and the very air seemed all aflame. He hurried his family out of the house and toward the river: not a moment to spare: every thing was on fire in an instant, and no breathing-time was allowed the panting fugitives.



THE FOREST FIRES IN THE WEST.

OUR THANKSGIVING BIRD.

The immediate vicinity of Newtown, Fairfield County, Connecticut is chiefly peopled by persons interested in the turkey *crop*. The choicest birds sent to the New York markets are from this point.

The turkey is not successfully reared in great numbers. A small flock well fed, and permitted to rove among hill and forest, will bring to its owner more profit than a large flock confined and fed upon corn and kitchen refuse. The largest dealers do not raise large flocks themselves. They make it a point to produce fine birds rather than great numbers. Each dealer has suitable houses for picking, and ice-houses for keeping or shipping the poultry, which is collected from the small farmers of the neighborhood. Our sketches are of Mr. E. M. Peck's poultry-house, and give an excellent idea of the *modus operandi* in any of the establishments. Mr. Peck scours the country, buying only the choice turkeys, paying (live weight) from twelve to fifteen cents per pound. The turkeys are carried to his farm in a wagon, fed for a few days, and then driven to the pen which adjoins the picking-house. Here they are fed a light provender of corn meal, to reduce the "crop," and make the bird shapely for market. The turkey butcher takes the birds from this pen, three at a time, places his foot upon their legs, and makes a small cut in the large vein of the neck. This produces almost instant death; at the same time it permits the bird to bleed freely, which poultrymen say is necessary to secure fine meat. The birds are then taken into the house, when the feathers are picked from the legs (as the skin of the "drumstick" is too tender to be "scald-picked"). The next move is to immerse the bird in water kept nearly at the boiling-point, after

which it is passed to a table, where, for a cent and a half per bird, women remove the feathers. A skillful picker will dispose of seventy-five turkeys per day. The poultry is next arranged upon shelves to cool slowly, then packed in large boxes (with ice, if the weather is too warm), and shipped to New York. A single shipment of fifteen tons has been made at once, and, during a single week, Mr. E. M. Peck has slaughtered thirteen hundred birds, averaging fourteen pounds in weight each, making nearly a ton of turkey meat.

Connecticut is *par excellence* the turkey State of the Union; Rhode Island follows, and next comes New York. Some of the finest turkeys sent to this market are the frozen turkeys from Vermont. These do not come in until spring, and command a high price, on account of their fine quality.

The extent of the poultry trade in New York is but little known. One of our leading houses, that of E. & A. Robbins, disposes of upward of 50,000 turkeys during the season, and others sell from 18,000 to 20,000 each, making an aggregate of nearly 2,000,000 pounds of turkey gobbled by Gothamites every season.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

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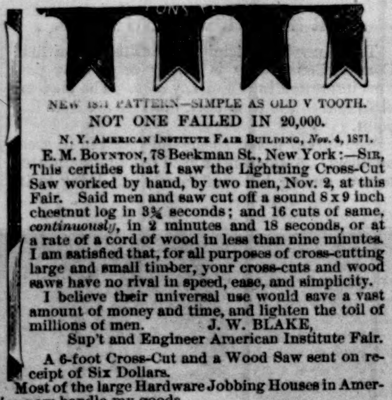

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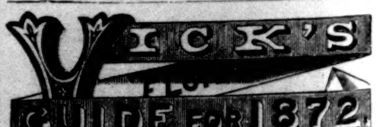

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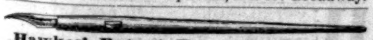

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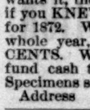

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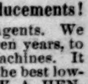

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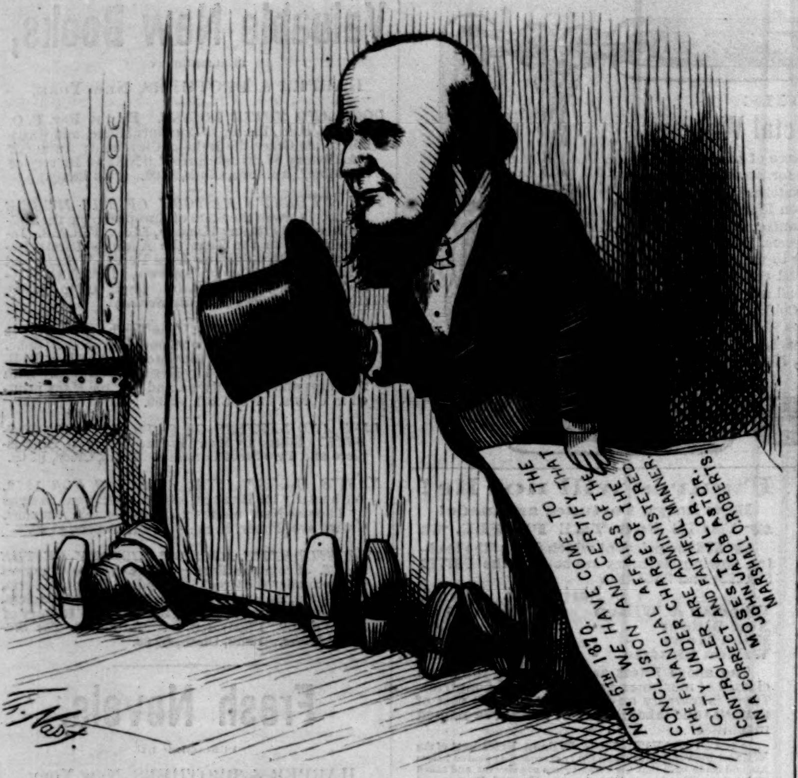

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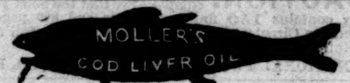

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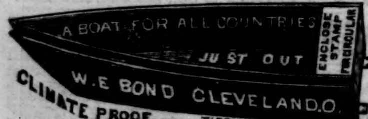

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"WITH ALL FULLNESS OF HEART."

LOVE AND SONG.

WHETHER or no
The wise men go
To prove that love is a waste of life—
A waste of breath
And a mock at death—
Here's love's quit in the one word, Wife.

This I think as I look
On the picture that shines
In the only free nook
From the gloom of the pines:
Two lovers at ease
In the fair summer woods,
With only the trees
To whisper their moods,
And only the birds
To whistle their strains
As songs without words
To the gorges and plains;
Two lovers that sing
With all fullness of heart,
While the echoes so cling
That they die when they part.
The bold cavalier
Made meek as the dove,
The maid without fear
By the courage of love,
The song without passion,
The love without guile:
Will the young world smile
At this old-world fashion?
Or what will be said
By the shrewd criticasters
On this love-scene portrayed
By one of the masters?

"The scene is unreal,
The sentiment rude;
Our present ideal
Is nothing so crude!
Such fanciful myths
Are over and by;
The Browns and the Smiths
Have more in their eye—
They neither coo tamely,
Nor scorn with a toss
That chief matter, namely,
The profit and loss;
And as for affection,
It dies with the years,
Or leaves a reflection
Of follies and tears!"

How can I heed
So wretched a creed?
I scorn your scorn of the love of a life,
The while I prolong
The love of a song,
With a song of love to a womanly Wife.

RAUNSBROOK.

THE Raunsbrook race is very true,
The Raunsbrook blood is very blue,
The Raunsbrook name stands high:
Eight hundred years, from sire to son,
The noble lineage had run;
And many a deed of valor done,
And many a meed of victory won,
Had proved their chivalry.
When Cœur de Lion waged crusade,
The Raunsbrook lieges nothing stay'd,
With bow and spear, with targe and blade,
When battling for the right;
And Paynim champions found no rest
Till, vanquish'd, they the power confess'd
Of all who bore the dreaded crest—
A raven black as night!
And later still, when rebels rose,
And Charles was press'd by subject foes,
Their loyalty was true;
And many a Roundhead forced to flee
At Atherton and Copredy
The Raven's valor knew.

But changed are Raunsbrook's fortunes since
Those days of steel-clad war,
When, spurring by their cherish'd prince,
They hurl'd defiance far!
'Tis gold, not steel, now gains the day;
'Tis gold that wins a favor'd way
To honor and to fame;
And an escutcheon free from blot
Or stainless shield availeth what
When poverty is shame?
And Raunsbrook wealth hath freely flow'd
In many a year gone by,
In alms through all the land bestow'd,
And hospitality:
Till open doors and open hand
Have drain'd the riches from the land;
Have streak'd the old Earl's cheek with care,
And tinged with gray his failing hair.
High on the hill-side o'er the mere
Doth Raunsbrook Castle proudly rear
Its ivy-mantled walls—
As on the gray embattled keep,
And on the turrets stern and steep,
The wintry evening falls.
King Frost hath closed his grasp of steel,
And o'er the ice-bound tide
The torch-lit skaters gayly wheel,
And raise their laughter, peal on peal,
As cheerily they glide.

'Tis New-Year's Eve: let all be gay,
All fear of sorrow cast away,
All dull thoughts banish'd far;
Let mirth be seen in ev'ry face,
No gloomy silence here have place
The merriment to mar;
For Raunsbrook's doors are open thrown,
And Raunsbrook's wide-spread tables groan
With hospitable cheer,
And hearty welcome there is shown
To peasant and to peer.

But Lady Florence sits apart,
With aching eyes and heavy heart;
She shuns the pleasure-seeking crowd,
She shuns the laughter long and loud,
And pensive sits on cushion'd chair,
Or restless paces here and there
Within her silent room,
Where the faint fire-light flickering falls,
Scarce lighting up the panel'd walls,
Scarce scattering the gloom;
And ever and anon she takes
A painted miniature, which makes
Her whole face glow with love:
Kissing the senseless image there,
She lifts her hands in silent prayer
To Him that dwells above,
That He will end her cheerless pain,
And bring the loved one back again.

Five years ago—five years to-day—
She gave her maiden heart away
To one that loved her well.
Five years ago! No wealth had he;
And yet one eve, upon the lea,
He dared his love to tell.
And hand in hand they silent gazed
To where the crimson sunset blazed,
Ere 'neath the mere it sank;
And as he clasp'd her to his breast,
In faltering accents she confess'd
Without him life were blank.

Short time they met—the Earl was stern:
"Go, youth!" he said; "thy suit I spurn,
Thy rash presumption blame.
Go, girl! forget thy passing whim:
Go!" But his eyes with tears were dim,
Which all unbidden came.
His daughter's grief he could not brook,
He could not bear her loving look,
He could not hear her heart-drawn sighs,
Or see, unmoved, her pleading eyes.

"Sir Ronald!"—as the old man spoke,
The harshness of his manner broke,
Like clouds beneath the sun—
"Sir Ronald, I have had my day;
My life is drifting fast away,
My race is nearly run.
And if my words but now were hard,
Forgive me that my sorrow marr'd
The courtesy I owed to thee,
The candor that thou show'dst to me.
And if I bid thee garner well
Within thy breast what I shall tell,
Think not that I thine honor doubt,
But saddest secrets oftenest out.

Hear, then! Afar across the lea,
Farther than wandering eye can see,
O'er hill and vale and fertile plain,
Spreads Raunsbrook's once-renown'd domain:
There generous Nature lavish yields
Her harvest from a thousand fields,
And the proud forests rear on high
Their lordly branches to the sky;
And there did Raunsbrook once reside,
His wealth as peerless as his pride.
But now"—and here the old Earl's tone
Trembled with weakness scarce its own—
"The vices of a heedless court,
Where spendthrift nobles reck'd at naught;
The envious pride of folly bred,
That follow'd where a monarch led;
The lavish love of rich display,
Whose pomp grew costlier every day—
Have ruin brought on many a hold,
And 'minish'd even Raunsbrook's gold,
Till"—and his head was bowed with shame—
"The land is mine in naught but name!
Five years may yet my freedom run,
Then sets forever Raunsbrook's sun;
And the old castle must, alas!
To stranger-hands unhallow'd pass.
Or—see the curse of poverty—
My darling's lord must wealthy be;
For bridal gold alone can save
My gray hairs from an exile's grave.
But this believe: hadst thou or I
The dross I spent so heedlessly,
Glad would I do as she has done,
And, as she chose, choose you my son!"

The young man raised his brightening eye:
"Lord Earl," he spake right dauntlessly,
"I bless thee for thy kindly tone;
And what thou showest of thine own
Hath made my grief seem light to bear,
When weigh'd with thy far heavier care.
But be the future dark as night,
The end is not all hopeless quite:
In other climes, 'neath other sun,
The hoped-for goal may yet be won.
And, Florence sweet"—Sir Ronald turn'd
To where her cheeks with blushes burn'd—
"Let me but think that thou art true,
Let me but have thee in my view,
And nothing may seem hard to do.
Nay, do not droop those lovely eyes;
For who could fail, if such the prize?
And nay, my darling, do not weep;
But as the long hours ceaseless sweep
O'er thy young head forget me not,
But let thy fancy some time rest
On the far-distant lonely spot

"THE PRICELESS SCROLL THEN QUICKLY THREW
WHERE ON THE HEARTH THE WOOD-FLAME GREW."

Where I am toiling." Then he press'd
One burning kiss upon her brow—
Once, twice, he clasp'd her to his breast;
And then, with steps that falter'd slow,
Still lingering, turn'd to go.

Five years their course had slowly sped,
Still Lady Florence was unwed;
But grave had grown her joyous eye,
Her laughter rang less merrily;
Her slackening step was not so light,
Her paling cheek was not so bright;
And oft an uncheck'd tear would mar
The beauty famed, e'en now, afar;
For not one word from o'er the sea
Had come to soothe her solitude;
But still her love burn'd like a star,
And often would she hopeful brood
On what had been and what might be.
And he—the Earl—was aging fast:
The look that once was proudly cast
On all before it now was cow'd;
The haughty head was often bow'd;
Nor seldom, as he wander'd o'er
The fields he loved in days of yore,
Did the deep sigh proclaim the grief
Which found not e'en in time relief.
He thought, as drew the end more near,
Each well-loved spot had grown more dear:
The river flow'd with merrier tone,
The hall in grander beauty shone,
More proudly loom'd the tower;
And as he on the terrace stood,
And gazed upon the old oak wood,
Each well-known trunk, each cherish'd glade,
Each spot he loved in childhood, made
More sad that parting hour.

"And must I leave thee? Is it so?
Can follies past no pardon know?
Can nothing yet my parting stay?
Is this the last, the bitter day?
Ye walls, my earliest fancy loved;
Ye paths, where my young footsteps roved
For many a happy year;
Thou frozen tide, whose crystal wave
In summers past my limbs would lave;
Ye snow-clad meads, thou happy plain,
Where oft I pluck'd the golden grain,
Why are ye now so dear?
And who is he whose trade-won gold—
If rumor have no falsehood told—
O'er Raunsbrook hath unwelcomed sway,
And drives its lord in shame away?
In vain they urged, 'Seek other land,
In pity hold thy grasping hand;'
In vain they show'd the southern shires,
Whose warmer sunlight never tires.
'What care I? Let the price be paid;
For Raunsbrook shall be mine!' he said.
And now my guests within my hall—
Mine still, though not for long—
For the last time hold festival,
With music, dance, and song.
And I must join the merry laugh,
The song applaud, the wine-cup quaff,
As though my heart were joyous yet,
As though my fate I could forget;
And help to greet the year which brings
Sorrow and exile on its wings."
The old man turn'd; and through the night
His step was gay, his smile was bright,
And, 'mid the happy revelry,
The gayest reveler seem'd he.

The morn is come, the room is set,
The poor man and the rich are met,
The owners old and new.
The stranger's mien is full of grace:
A beard of darkest hue
Half hides the expression of a face
Where pride and pow'r alike have place;
His olive cheek and sunburnt brow
Life spent in warmer climate show;
While the knit forehead's pensive air
Shows years of unrelenting care.
The Earl scarce deign'd to raise his eye,
But bow'd with distant courtesy,
And bade the stranger sit—
Not seeing the half-mocking glance,
Not marking o'er his countenance
The light smile passing flit.

"Lord Earl"—the stranger's voice was low,
He spake as though his speech were pain;
Or did he foreign accent feign?
And one hand hid his bended brow,
The other press'd his watch-chain, where
A crystal sheathed a tress of hair—
"Lord Earl, I know thy haughty race
For centuries have loved this place,
And gladly would I find a way
To bid thy parting footsteps stay;
And hear, I pray, what I suggest—
It is the simplest and the best—
And not impute to arrogance
The hope my tongue dares scarce advance.
Thy daughter's face is very fair,
Her young life is not fit for care,
And thou wouldst see with bitter pain
Her battle with the world's disdain.
'Twere better far that she should stay,
To soothe thy life's declining day;
And thus thou mightest yet remain
The honor'd lord of thy domain,
And *bridal gold avail to save*
Thy gray hairs from an exile's grave."
An angry frown the Earl's brow wore:
"And dares thy pride thus high to soar,
That having bought my home, my land,
Thou barterest for my daughter's hand?
Time was thou shouldest trembling feel
The power of my avenging steel;
But I am aged, and weak, and worn,
And e'en such insult must be borne.
But give me pen, and let me sign
The deed that makes the castle thine;
So shall I not unwilling go
Where such disgrace I may not know."

The deed was signed. The stranger took
The parchment with defiant look;
The priceless scroll then quickly threw
Where on the hearth the wood-flame grew;
And warding off the eager hands
That sought its rescue from the brands,
He watch'd the gaunt flame curling round
Its victim with a hungry sound.
Then turning to the Earl, he said:
"Thus art thou free from burden made,
Thus Raunsbrook's land once more is thine;
And I again a suitor stand,
A suppliant for thy daughter's hand.
Yet think not that I seek to claim—
As recompense for act of mine,
Done for past reverence of thy name,
And from my wish not now to see
Unhoused thy old nobility—
Some lowering of the haughty pride
That did thy curt refusal guide!
One prayer I make—and one alone—
In one thing let thy grace be shown:
Let but thy child be free to choose;
And if herself my suit refuse,
As forth my lonely way I take,
Then though my heart her answer break,
Perchance e'en so shall be
Some solace in the cheering thought,
That my long enterprise hath bought
Freedom for her and thee!"
"And who art thou, that thou dost feel
Such interest in my woe and weal?
No! to my hearth though ruin come,
Yet is my race not sunk so low
That I my castle and my home
To stranger's clemency should owe.
Yet if thy latest act be due
Not to rich lust, but honor true,
Though for mine own, my daughter's sake,
Thy sacrifice I may not take,
Yet at her feet thou mayest lay
The suit thou hast preferr'd to-day.
How scant the grace, how small the boon,
I fear me thou wilt find too soon;
For many a suitor hath implored
The hearing she could not accord,
And vainly urged her to forget
The love on which her heart is set,
And him who in a distant land
Is toiling still to win her hand.
If so fared those she knew the best,
What hope for thy unknown request?
But if thy wish is still to plead
Thy hope, thou mayest yet succeed.
Come!" and he led the way, nor heard
From the press'd lips the low-breathed word,
"Heaven bless her for her loyalty!
Now know I she is true to me."

Few those to whom the op'ning year
Brings no effect of hope or fear,
Whose mind is not then oftener cast
Or on the future or the past.
To Florence, as she lay and thought,
The past year had no gladness brought,
The future seem'd with sorrow fraught:
A banish'd love, a ruin'd sire!
Will Fate's disfavor never tire?
Such her mind's broodings, as she lay
Smileless and still that wintry day.
What wonder that her heart was sore?
What wonder that her cheek was wet?
And that the burden which she bore
Seem'd too distressing to forget?
Then came her father to reveal
The promise to the stranger made.
"Well know I what thy heart must feel;
But gentle be thy words," he said;
"For great his generosity,
And mighty is his love for thee!"
He came—she look'd—ah! what disguise
Can hide the loved from loving eyes?
"'Tis Ronald!" loud her joy outrung,
As eager to his side she sprung,
And round his neck her white arms flung.
How can I tell the ecstasy
Which brighten'd in her glistening eye?
How can I tell each loving word
Which welcomed love to love outpour'd?
How can I paint the glad surprise
Which halved the old Earl's sympathies?
Enough, that through the happy life
Which Ronald lived beside his wife,
When closer still was drawn the tie
Which bound their hearts in unity,
Where'er they cast their loving lot,
That New-Year's Day was ne'er forgot.

ONLY A NIGGER.

TOWARD the end of the year 1772 a large vessel from Amsterdam deposited on the quay of Paramaribo a young man called Jansen Houtwyn—a poor man, who had come out in search of fortune, and with a determination to obtain it.

In the good times of which we write, to make a fortune was no very difficult thing in the colonies: and all energetic men who were courageous enough to visit the isles, or whom prudent families had sent there to do penance for their frolics, were great fools if, sooner or later, they were not in a condition to play the rôle of the rich uncle in the comedy.

Whoever had lost sight of Jansen Houtwyn from that moment, and encountered him twelve years later, would certainly never have recognized in the wealthy planter of the Comwine—proprietor of 1500 slaves, member of council, and colonial magistrate, eclipsing the most luxurious in his horses and equipages—they would never have recognized, I repeat, in this superb *parvenu*, the humble young man who on his arrival esteemed himself fortunate in obtaining a place as sub-officer on the plantation of which he was now the master.

For two years his trials had been severe—watching the negroes in the plantations from dawn of day until night, exposed to the drenching rains of the winter or the burning sun of the dry season, a prey to the fever of the country, or devoured by mosquitoes, and condemned to spare diet. But his zeal and understanding having drawn attention, he was promoted to be officer, then book-keeper; was subsequently made chief manager, with a salary of ten thousand francs; and finally, on the death of his master, became proprietor of the plantation, and of every thing we have mentioned above.

Thus Jansen Houtwyn had always been advancing in riches and honors; but, at the same time, to tell how he had acquired them, his account had been engrossed on high, and the angel who kept the heavenly books had never passed a day of those twelve years without having to register the wail of some whipped, mutilated, tortured slave, whose dolorous cry had reached him, or some act of lust which he blushed on recording. The debit column of his account, then, was lamentably black and full. The opposite column was entirely blank, or nearly so.

But in the world below, the life of the planter was judged differently. The whites envied his opulence, and esteemed it an honor to be invited to his fêtes. His voice was all-preponderant in council—not a nod of his head without importance. Who was there, indeed, that did not court the hospitality of Jansen? His feasts were long and splendid; his guests drank from crystal and gold the wines of the Cape and of France, of Greece and the Canaries. Young female slaves, chosen from among the most beautiful and voluptuous, half veiled in transparent tissues, circulated round the table, bearing dishes of the two worlds, or agitating the air with fans. The noise of musical instruments mingled with the riot of the table. Thus ran the days of the planter in the city; and when he repaired to his plantation—which was two or three times a year—he again found other young girls round his table, other wines to drink from crystal and golden goblets, and other nights of the wildest dissipation. This prosperity endured for many years.

One resplendent October morning, at the period of the cane harvest, a handsome boat, manned by eight vigorous negroes, her gunwale curiously sculptured, and carrying in the afterpart an open cabin, gilt, and furnished with white Indian muslin curtains, dashed into the road of Paramaribo, moving right and left of the anchored ships, whose sailors watched her pass, carelessly leaning on the nettings. Four young negroes, attired in rich liveries, and perched on the cabin top, executed on horns the airs then in fashion at the concerts of Holland, which resounded far along the river and the forests which bordered it. This boat carried Jansen, softly couched on cushions stuffed with banian leaves and cased in fine matting. She traversed the river obliquely, and along the bank facing the city as far as the top of Fort Amsterdam, then turned suddenly to the right, and entered the Cottica, which at this place mingles its waters with the lukewarm ones of the Surinam.

The boat flew under the redoubled strokes of the rowers. The rich habitations, the fields of sugar-cane, of cotton, of green coffee, the inundated grounds and their mangrove foliage, shifted and vanished on the two banks, like the changing scenes of a movable panorama. Soon she entered the limpid waters, the smiling solitudes, of the Comwine, startling the silence of the deserts with the noise of her paddles. Houses became more rare, the vegetation wilder, and on the third day after her departure she deposited her master on an immense plantation that lay quite isolated in the heart of the forest.

Jansen came, according to his custom, to inspect the harvest workings. His principal manager hastened forward to receive him and to assist him in landing; accompanied him, hat in hand, to a superb mansion surrounded by vast dependencies, behind which might be seen at a distance the huts of the negroes, ranged in a triple line, and forming by their united assemblage a village.

Jansen entered, listening to long recitals from his manager, and paused on the threshold to cast a *coup d'œil* on his property, where all was movement and work. In the distance verdant squares of cane were being cleared rapidly under the sickles of the slaves. Heavy barges slowly navigated the canals; others were unloading at a mill, which swallowed their cargoes. Piles of crushed cane were drying in the sun; under the sheds were crowded long rows of barrels already filled with the products of the harvest.

The next morning, on his rising, the planter, seated majestically in an arm-chair, his meagre and bilious face shaded by a large felt hat edged with gold, and smoking a pipe with the gravity of an Indian rajah, administered justice under his gallery. A band of chubby-faced negro boys had just passed before him, under the direction of an old negress, crying three times, "Good-morning, master!" and striking their hands. The manager made his appearance, wearing a sombre air.

"The harvest has hardly commenced," he said, "and already your negroes complain at being made to work twenty hours out of the twenty-four. This day one of them has dared to make representations to me."

"Representations!" cried Jansen, bounding on his seat, and his eyes flashing. "Make him come and receive a hundred blows with the whip—here, in my presence."

A few instants afterward a negro of tall figure appeared—a man who, by placing a hand on the planter, might have crushed him. He stopped before his master, and regarded him with a calm look.

"Michael—"

The negro knit his brows.

"The whites call me Michael," he said. "In my own country my name is Fadlalah."

"I said one hundred blows," replied the planter; "now it is two hundred. Michael—"

"Thank you, master," interrupted Fadlalah, smiling.

"That makes it two hundred and fifty! Michael, thou hast already been a runaway."

The negro lifted his head.

"Yes, master; I went once *en marron* in the wood. I met a tiger in the wood, and the tiger trembled in my hands. When the tiger fell he was a dead tiger." And the slave displayed arms and hands that might well cause dread.

"That will be three hundred!" Jansen cried, furiously. "Lie down, miscreant! If you add another word—"

Fadlalah remained immovable.

"Master, Fadlalah is strong, and can work long without sleep; but Fadlalah has a wife and little children who can not keep up like him. Leave them a little sleep. Fadlalah will work in their place, and remain always a good negro."

"Thy wife—thy children?" said Jansen, with a bitter laugh; and turning toward the manager, he added, "To-morrow you will man a boat and have them conducted to Paramaribo for sale, though I lose two hundred francs by the bargain."

"Mercy, master, mercy!" cried the negro, falling on his knees, and stretching his hands toward the planter. "My children have done nothing. Do not punish them for Fadlalah! Mercy, master!"

And seeing his prayer was useless, he dashed forward, bounding like a jaguar, to fall on Houtwyn; but the manager and three robust negroes of the house precipitated themselves on him and knocked him down.

Jansen had paled, as much from surprise at such unheard-of audacity as from fear. It was for the first time, and with unspeakable astonishment, that he had seen—he, Jansen, whose name made the negroes tremble!—a slave beard him to the face. He rose and paced to and fro with hurried steps beneath the gallery, his lips contracted with fury, and grinding between his fingers the stem of his pipe, which he had just dashed on the ground and broken. It was a fine business, truly! At this period the law punished with the loss of a limb all slaves who dared to raise their hands to a white; and Fadlalah, delivered over to justice, would have been fortunate to save his life at the price of an arm or a leg. But the planter desired more than this.

The family of the negro was sold, himself reduced in a short time to be nothing more than a thing for which a name has not yet been invented—a living body released from the hands of the executioner after having suffered every thing but the finishing stroke.

The unfortunate man still existed. A horrible struggle was established between himself and his master, to which was left, the one to punish, the other to brave the punishment. His energies yielded at last to a torture borrowed from hell, and which Surinam has more than one time witnessed. Bloody, and covered with ulcers hideous to see, he was chained near a sugar-furnace, with no other nourishment but water and unripe bananas—nourishment with which the most robust man would not be able to prolong his existence beyond a month. There, exposed to the devouring heat of the furnace, which night and day reflected its red glare on his wasted limbs, twisting himself without power to shelter any part of his body from this slow and frightful punishment, Fadlalah felt that his courage was failing him. But madness came to his aid. Thought abandoned his exhausted brain, or, floating in tranquil delirium, only threw an uncertain light, like that of a dying lamp. His end appeared inevitable and at hand.

The rain set in late that year. The harvest had been superb, and the planter had time to finish it without losing any thing. His negroes, it is true, had had no repose night or day, and some of them were nearly dead; but he had made two hundred barrels of sugar more than usual, and, all losses calculated, he was the gainer, and had to spare. He departed, then, in all his glory, giving at the same time, in a momentary fit of humanity, the order to set his negro at liberty.

One year passed away—one year of splendor and joy for the planter, but of which each day was to be without an anniversary for him. The cup was full; the hand of Belshazzar was greedy. His slave had been released from his fetters. Madman! why had he not left him to perish? One the more had not weighed much in the balance. Fadlalah, free and better nourished, had recovered, little by little, his strength. His muscles exhibited themselves anew on his athletic limbs; only the seat of intelligence seemed forever broken in his large and strong head. Was this imbecility real, or feigned by the negro? That was never known. They treated him gently enough, for he had lost all desire for flight. At his own request he was installed fisherman to the plantation, and left to himself. He at least earned his nourishment by this occupation. As for vengeance, the poor idiot, without doubt, thought little of that. His companions in slavery had never conducted themselves better; the domestic animals wandered peacefully about without one ever being found dead from an unknown cause. There was, then, nothing to fear on the part of Fadlalah.

The sugar-canes yellowed once more; the boat of the planter appeared anew in the Comwine. A fortnight was passed at the plantation in the accustomed manner.

At last the hour of retribution sounded—the account of Jansen was about to be balanced on high. He was seen one evening, on rising from table, to take his gun, and to repair, accompanied only by his little favorite negro, to the banks of the creek near the plantation canoes. Fadlalah returned from fishing at his usual hour, and was ordered by Jansen to conduct him to a neighboring plantation. The negro was seen to get into

a boat, to detach her from those by which she was surrounded, and to conduct her to the bank, in order that his master might embark without inconvenience.

Jansen entered the boat, and, stretching himself under a tent in the after-part, drew one of the curtains to soften the light of the moon, whose rays fell on his face. The little negro seated himself at the tiller, and Fadlalah, leaning his paddle against the shore, pushed, by a single effort, the boat into the midst of the Comwine.

It was one of those nights which no human language is able to paint—a night amidst the wilderness of the Guyane. The moon hovered about the sleeping forests, covering the summits with a silver carpet, and transforming their trunks into phantoms. Save far-off voices, the little stifled cries of birds, the shudderings of crested palms in the air, the beatings of a heron's wings in the mangroves, nature was all repose. Fireflies played like light phosphorus among the brambles; the air was lukewarm with swamp odor.

The plantation is already far off. For a quarter of an hour the boat has glided rapidly, silent as a night-bird, on the smooth surface of the creek. But Fadlalah is resting himself. His paddle plunges no longer, save at intervals, in the waves. From time to time he rests on his knees, and then he seems a prey to expectation, or he turns his head and bends it—rash man!—to look into the asylum of his master. Are his powers exhausted? or does he wish to renew acquaintance with the whip of the commander? Once, even, he rose. His woolly head and one stealthy arm penetrated the tent, and he has dared to take from it something, which he deposits with precaution in the creek. The object has disappeared without other noise than an imperceptible murmur.

At the bend of one point the Comwine buries itself in a straight line under thick shadow, to reappear in brilliant light at the extremity of the canal. Fadlalah has recovered his accustomed vigor. He renews again the strokes of his paddle. The boat speeds for some instants in the darkness, and stops with the reappearance of the light. A submerged savanna stretches, lost to view, on the right of the creek; the forest trees project their grand shadows on its surface. Here and there rises a disheveled tuft of bamboos, or the slender stalk of a palm, on the crest of which squats a monkey, who scratches himself and makes grimaces at the moon.

This time Fadlalah has deposited his paddle on the seat of the canoe, and has risen to the full height of his stature. Nevertheless, he appears undecided. With crossed arms he contemplates in silence the tent where his master sleeps. His white eyes have resumed their former expression; on his lips there hovers a strange smile, which will be fatal to some one. He turns from the side of the sheet of water, and raises a soft and plaintive cry: then listens. All is silent. He commences more softly and more plaintively than the first time: then listens again. Far off in the savanna a noise is heard, like that of a body falling into the water, and a similar cry to his own responds to him. Fadlalah makes a sign of joy.

"Ah! the alligator still knows Fadlalah."

Ten different times he repeats his call, and ten times he is answered. But now it is no longer one isolated voice. Right and left, far and near, similar barking cries issue from the reeds, multiply and re-echo each other in their approach to the boat. The savanna is all awake. Monsters in scaly armor, astir in all parts, plunging or swimming, are showing their green uncovered backs. In five minutes afterward, twenty gaping snouts are to be seen above the water at two steps from the boat.

The curtain of the tent is roughly opened.

"What is it I hear there?" cried the planter, whom the noise and the stoppage of the boat had awoke from his slumber.

"Silence, master! Yonder in the savanna the alligator calls his little ones. Poor alligator! Like Fadlalah, he has lost his young!"

"Will you paddle, scoundrel?" cried Jansen, foaming with wrath.

"Silence, master! The alligator knows Fadlalah the fisherman, and Fadlalah no longer knows a master. The moon makes the alligator silent; but Fadlalah knows how to make him speak always."

The planter, beside himself with rage, made an attempt to bound from the tent; but the negro, stretching out his hand, caused him to fall back like a feeble infant.

"Ah, scoundrel! darest thou raise thy hand against thy master? My gun, Quaco—give me my gun. You are free, my good Quaco, if you give me my gun this instant!"

Quaco made an assenting movement; but his gaze encountering that of Fadlalah, he quitted the helm all in a tremble, and squatted himself under the platform of the tent.

The planter sought for his gun, but it was labor lost. It was half a league off, at the bottom of the creek. Fadlalah regarded him in silence; then Jansen Houtwyn saw that it was all over with him, that his hour had come. He threw a terrified look on the negro, who appeared to him to be ten feet high. Cold shiverings coursed through all his frame, and the eye of the negro glared on him like that of a rattlesnake on a little bird. He drew back mechanically, and crouched himself in a huddled posture in a corner of the tent, his mouth gaping, his eyes strangely open. Perhaps in this moment he thought of his past life; but it was without recommending his soul to God.

The alligators raised their lugubrious cries and gnashed their jaws.

"Silence, my alligators; the master is not ready. Poor master!"

Fadlalah again remained immovable some minutes. At last, stretching his arms under the tent, he drew from it, without effort, the planter, who was almost unconscious, and, taking him in his arms as a mother does her nursling, he caressed him.

"You, Monsieur Jansen, you always good master! It was not you who took from Fadlalah his little ones—oh no, was it? Fadlalah good formerly; now Fadlalah mad, Fadlalah wicked, oh!"

He burst into a loud laugh, and dropped the planter into the water.

Nothing could be distinguished. It was a horrible *mêlée*—a grazing of scales, of iron fishbones, a vortex of water, of foam in the air, that shook the frail boat like a tempest on the sea. The rest passed under the surface. Nothing appeared above save a cloud of blood, which the peaceful Comwine bore away on its current. The negro followed it for an instant with his eyes, then, seating himself on the thwart, he took his paddle, and in two strokes reached the opposite bank of the rive . He sprang on shore, and fled into the wood.

Eight days afterward the following placard was posted in the Grand Square and in the principal streets of Paramaribo:

"By order of the Judiciary Council of this colony, it is made known that 2000 florins will be granted to any white, 1000 florins to any mulatto or free negro, and liberty to any slave, who shall deliver, dead or alive, a man named Michael, otherwise called Fadlalah, slave of the Honorable M. Jansen Houtwyn, during his life member of this council, and who was assassinated by the said Michael, called Fadlalah." [Then followed a description of the culprit.] "The commanders of the military posts of the Sarameca, of the Cottica, of the Maroni, and other rivers will convey this notice to the Indians of their respective districts. The premium for the said Indians will be 500 florins in money or in merchandise, at their choice.

"The Secretary of the Council, D. VORMS."

Two years passed without any one appearing to claim the reward. At the end of that time, during the rainy season, an Arrowouka Indian from the banks of the Sarameca presented himself one morning at the house of M. Daniel Vorms, and demanded an audience. When ushered into the presence of the honorable secretary, he made him the Indian salute without proffering a word, and opening a rush basket which he had brought, he drew from it by the hair a black head, which seemed recently cut off; on which the skillful magistrate, seeing at the first glance that this head had but one ear, and bore other signs familiar to him—"It is," he said, "the head of the negro Michael, the assassin of our friend and colleague the regretted M. Houtwyn. Let this brave Indian receive the promised reward."

HORSES ON THE STAGE.

WHEN Don Adriano de Armado, the fantastical Spaniard of "Love's Labor Lost," admits that he is "ill at reckoning," and can not tell "how many is one thrice told," his page, Moth, observes, "How easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you." This is, without doubt, an allusion to a horse called Marocco, trained by its master, one Banks, a Scotchman, to perform various strange tricks. Marocco, a young bay nag of moderate size, was exhibited in Shakspeare's time in the court-yard of the Belle Sauvage Inn, on Ludgate Hill, the spectators lining the galleries of the hostelry. A pamphlet, published in 1595, and entitled "Maroccus Exstaticus, or Bankes Bay Horse in a Traunce; a Discourse set down in a merry Dialogue between Bankes and his Beast," contains a wood-print of the performing animal and his proprietor. Banks's horse must have been one of the earliest "trained steeds" ever exhibited. His tricks excited great amazement, although they would hardly now be accounted very wonderful. Marocco could walk on his hind-legs, and even dance the Canaries. At the bidding of his master, he would carry a glove to a specified lady or gentleman, and tell, by raps with his hoof, the numbers on the upper face of a pair of dice. He went through, indeed, much of what is now the regular "business" of the circus horse. In 1600 Banks amazed London by taking his horse up to the vane on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. Marocco visited Scotland and France, and in these countries his accomplishments were generally attributable to witchcraft. Banks rashly encouraged the notion that his nag was supernaturally endowed. An alarm was raised that Marocco was possessed by the Evil One. To relieve misgivings and escape reproach, Banks made his horse pay homage to the sign of the cross, and called upon all to observe that nothing Satanic could have been induced to perform this act of reverence. A rumor at one time prevailed that the horse and his master had both, as "subjects of the Black Power of the world," been burned at Rome by order of the Pope. More authentic accounts, however, show Banks as surviving to Charles the First's time, and thriving as a vintner in Cheapside. But it is to be gathered from Douce's "Illustrations of Shakspeare" that of old certain performing horses suffered miserably for their skill. In a little book, "Le Diable Bossu," Nancy, 1708, allusion is made to an English horse, whose master had taught him to know the cards, being burned alive at Lisbon in 1707; and Grainger, in his "Biographical History of England," 1779, states that, within his remembrance, "a horse, which had been taught to perform several tricks, was, with its owner, put into the Inquisition."

Marocco was but a circus horse; there is no evidence to show that he ever trod the stage, or took part in theatrical performances. It is hard to say, indeed, when horses first entered a regular theatre. Pepys chronicles, in 1668, a visit "to the King's Play-house, to see an old play of Shirley's, called 'Hide Park,' the first day acted [revived], where horses are brought upon the stage." He expresses no surprise at the introduction of the animals, and this may not have been their first appearance on the scene. He is content to note that "Hide Park" is "a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue spoken by Beck Marshall." The scene of the third and fourth acts of the comedy lies in the Park, and foot and horse races are represented. The horses probably were only required to cross the stage once or twice.

A representation of Corneille's tragedy of "Andromeda," in 1682, occasioned great excitement in Paris, owing to the introduction of a "real horse" to play the part of Pegasus. The horse was generally regarded as a kind of Roscius of the brute creation, and achieved an extraordinary success. Adorned with wings, and hoisted up by machinery, he neighed and tossed his head, pawed and pranced in mid-air, after a very lively manner. It was a mystery then, but it is common enough knowledge now, that the horse's histrionic skill is founded upon his appetite. Kept without food for some time, the horse becomes naturally moved at the sight of a sieve of corn in the side-wings. His feats, the picking up of gloves and handkerchiefs, even the pulling of triggers, originate but in his efforts to find oats. By-and-by his memory is exercised, and he is content to know that after the conclusion of his "business" he will be rewarded with oats behind the scenes. The postponement of his meals attends his failure to accomplish what is required of him. Of old, perhaps, some cruel use of whip and spur may have marked the education of the "trick-horse." But for a long time past the animal's fears have not been appealed to, but simply his love of food. Horses are very sagacious, and their natural timidity once appeased, they become exceedingly docile. An untrained horse has often shown himself equal to the ordinary requirements of the equestrian manager after only four days of tuition.

Pope satirized the introduction of horses in Shakspeare's "Henry the Eighth," revived with great splendor in 1727, when a representation was given of the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and the royal champion, duly mounted and caparisoned, proclaimed his challenge. But for many years the appearances on the stage of equine performers were only of an occasional kind. It was not until the rebuilding of Astley's, in 1803, that the equestrian drama became an established entertainment. An extensive stage was then added to the circus, and "horse spectacles," as they were called, were first presented. A grand drama, called the "Blood-red Knight," produced in 1810, resulted in a profit to the proprietors of some eighteen thousand pounds—a handsome sum, seeing that the season at that time only extended from Easter to the end of September.

The triumphs of Astley's excited the envy of the Covent Garden managers. Colman's drama of "Blue-Beard" was reproduced, with Mr. Johnson's imitation elephant, and a troop of real horses. The performance was presented on forty-four nights—a long run in those days. There was, of course, much wrath excited by this degradation of the stage. A contemporary critic writes: "A novel and marked event occurred at this theatre on this evening [18th of February, 1811] which should be considered as a black epocha forever by the loyal adherents to wit and the muses. As the Mussulmans date their computation of years from the flight of Mohammed, so should the hordes of folly commence their triumphant register from the open flight of common-sense on this memorable night, when a whole troop of horses made their first appearance in character at Covent Garden." The manager was fiercely denounced for his unscrupulous endeavors "to obtain money at the expense of his official dignity." Another critic, alleging that "the dressing-rooms of the new company of comedians were under the orchestra," complained that "in the first row of the pit the stench was so abominable, one might as well have sitten in a stable." Still the "equestrian drama" delighted the town. "Blue-Beard" was followed by Monk Lewis's "Timour the Tartar," in which more horses appeared. Some hissing was heard at the commencement of the new drama, and placards were exhibited in the pit condemning the horses; but in the end "Timour" triumphed over all opposition, and rivaled the run of "Blue-Beard." It is to be remembered, especially by those who insist so much on the degeneracy of the modern theatre, that these "horse spectacles" were presented in a patent-house during the palmy days of the drama, while the great Kemble family was still in possession of the stage of Covent Garden.

Of late years a change has come over the equestrian drama. The circus flourishes, and quadrupeds figure now and then upon the stage, but the "horse spectacle" has almost vanished. The noble animal is to be seen occasionally on the boards, but he is cast for small parts only, is little better than a four-footed supernumerary. He comes on to aid the pageantry of the scenes; even opera does not disdain his services in this respect. A richly caparisoned charger performs certain simple duties in "Masaniello," in "Les Huguenots," "L'Etoile du Nord," "Martha," "La Juive," and some few other operas. The late M. Jullien introduced quite a troop of cavalry in his "Pietro il Grande;" but, this homage to horseflesh notwithstanding, the world did not greatly prize the work in question. The horse no longer performs "leading business." Plays are not now written for him. He is no longer required to evince the fidelity and devotion of his nature by knocking at street doors, rescuing a prisoned master, defending oppressed innocence, or dying in the centre of the stage to slow music. Something of a part seemed promised him when the popular drama of "Flying Scud" was first represented; at least, he supplied that work with its title. But it was speedily to be perceived that animal interests had been subordinated to human. More prominent occupation by far was assigned to the rider than to the horse. A different plan of distributing parts prevailed when the "High-mettled Racer" and kindred works adorned the stage. A horse with histrionic instincts and acquirements had something like a chance then. But now! he can only lament the decline of the equestrian drama. True, the circus is still open to him; but in the eyes of a well-educated performing horse a circus must be much what a music-hall is in the opinion of a tragedian devoted to five-act plays.

SUICIDES.

IT is a fact at first sight strange that in Paris, normally the gayest of cities, the number of suicides is greater than in any other part of the world. In every seventy-two deaths that there occur one is suicidal. In London the proportion is less than one in 200; while in New York there is but one in 712. Vienna is about the same as London in this matter. Of course the anomaly presented by Paris may be well explained upon the principles of meeting extremes. In every community there is a mean or average moral condition, and it is certain that the departures from this mean proceed just as far on one side as on the other. Thus the greatest misery must be found where there is the greatest pleasure. A French hygienist has been trying to explain the enormous suicidal tendency of the people of his capital, and he argues at length in support of three alleged causes: these are, 1, the influence of political passions (*morbus democraticus*, the Germans call it); 2, the enfeeblement of religious ideas; 3, madness induced by alcoholism. He has a few facts on his side, and his three suppositions are very general ones. But it occurs to us that any broad explanation ought to unite the extreme conditions; and we should much like to see the ultimate cause of the misery shown to be by some link allied to the ultimate cause of the pleasure.

FIVE MILLIARDS.

THE French papers have lately been giving some curious statistics on the subject of the enormous indemnity, five milliards of francs, which France has to pay to Prussia for being beaten in the late war. From them we gather the following particulars:

Five milliards, in pieces of five francs, weigh twenty-five millions of kilogrammes. (A kilogramme is about $2\frac{1}{4}$ pounds English.) It would require, therefore, to transport them all together by railroad, a train composed of 2500 trucks, each carrying about 10,000 kilogrammes.

If, instead of conveying them by rail, ordinary wagons drawn by two horses were employed, 18,000 of such would be requisite, which, placed in single file close together, would occupy a length of 40 leagues (120 miles).

Suppose the five-franc pieces which make up the five milliards to be placed in a line touching each other, they would then occupy a length of 7400 leagues—about eleven-twelfths of the whole distance round the globe.

In pieces of one franc, this length would be 115,000 kilomètres—(5 kilomètres make 3 English miles)—or 23,000 leagues, about a quarter of the distance from the earth to the moon.

The greatest speed which has been attained by a locomotive has scarcely surpassed 100 kilomètres an hour: this makes one feel giddy; the Indian mail is nothing in comparison to it: well, then, it would require about forty-eight days for a locomotive going at this speed, without stopping, to pass over the line thus formed by these pieces of one franc.

Piled up one upon the other, the five-franc pieces would form a column of 2700 kilomètres, or 540 leagues, high. Supposing this column, having its base in Paris, was to fall over in the direction of Berlin, the part which would fall at Berlin would scarcely be the third of the column; the last pieces would fall beyond St. Petersburg; some few, detaching themselves from the column during its fall, might, owing to centrifugal force, be scattered as far as the centre of the White Sea.

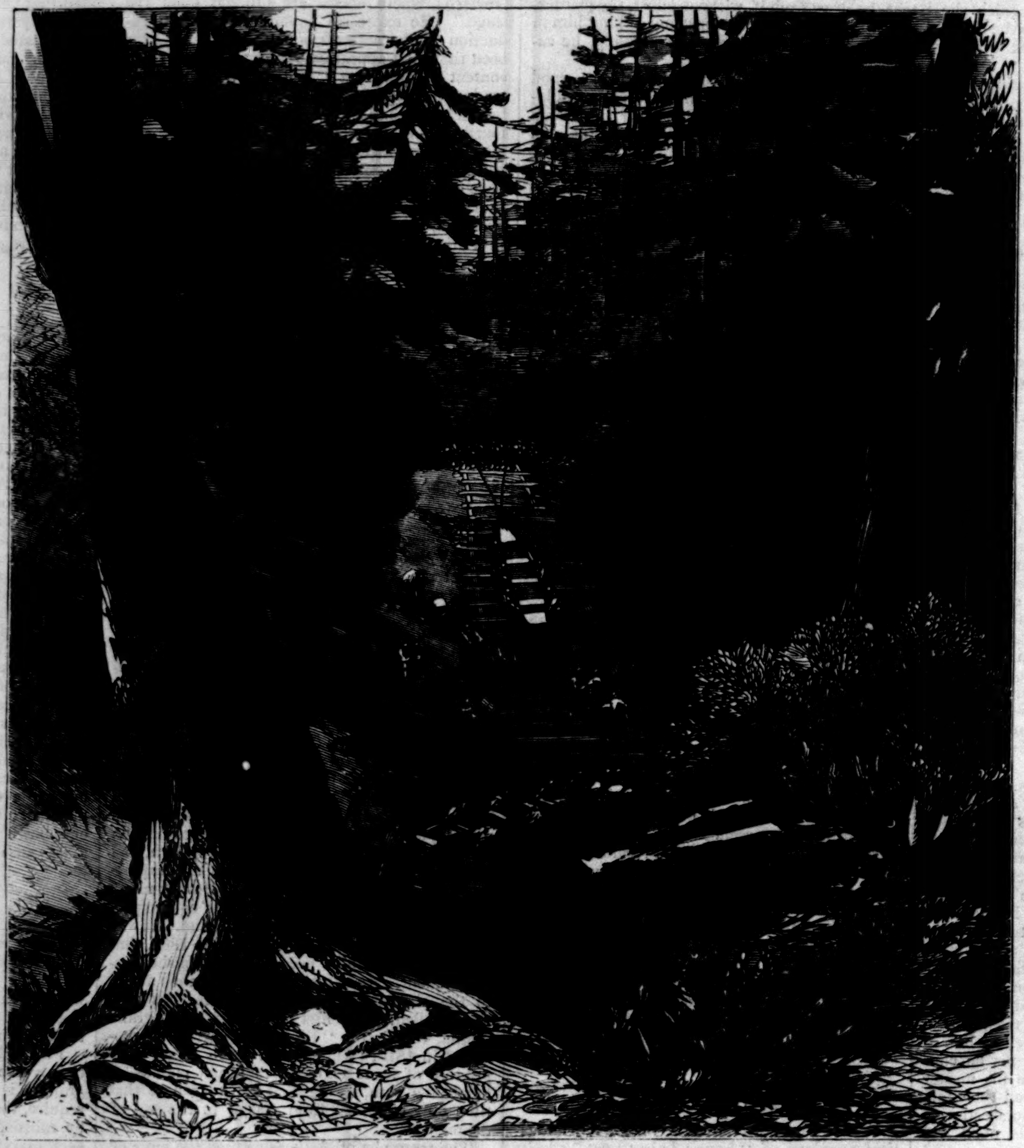
The weight of five milliards in gold is about 1,600,000 kilogrammes, or nearly ten times the weight of the column which stood in the Place Vendôme; it would require, therefore, 130 wagons, taking 10,000 kilogrammes each, to transport it. In gold pieces of twenty francs, placed in a straight line, it would reach from Paris to Marseilles, a distance of 512 kilomètres.

Since the birth of our Lord a milliard of minutes has not yet elapsed. If, then, during the last 1870 years, a man had put down, day and night, without stopping, five francs every minute, he would not yet have completed the sum exacted from France by the ministry of William the Victorious. Several hundreds of millions would still remain.

A skillful bank clerk can count about 40,000 francs in five-franc pieces in an hour. Supposing that he began at the age of thirty years to count the five milliards alone, what would be his age when he had reached the end of his task, if he worked for 300 days in the year for eight hours a day without intermission? He would be eighty-two years old. He would have required fifty-two years to finish this monotonous work of drudgery, "after which probably all that would remain to be done would be to confine him in a lunatic asylum this traveller of the rapacity of M. De Bismarck." If a clerk were to count out the pieces franc by franc, four to each second, and continue working day and night incessantly, 400 years would elapse before he put down the last piece.

THE RED RIVER.

THE unsuccessful raid into the British province of Manitoba recently attempted by a Fenian party has again attracted public attention to the region of the Red River, whither a military expedition was sent last year from Canada to put down the revolt of the French-Indian half-castes, who objected to annexation to the Dominion of Canada. An interesting account of this expedition has lately appeared, from the pen of Captain G. L. HUYSHE, a gentleman well qualified to be its historian. From this work we learn that the fighting force under command of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY numbered about 1200 soldiers, two-thirds being Canadian militia, and the remainder regular troops. This force was conveyed by steamers from Collingwood across Lake Huron and Lake Superior, landing at Thunder Bay, whence it had to traverse 600 miles of wilderness to Fort Garry, on the Red River, which flows into Lake Winnipeg. The starting-point for the longest and most difficult part of the route was Lake Shebandowan, which is situated near the confluence of the Matawan and Shebandowan rivers, about fifty miles inland from the western shore of Lake Superior. The troops began to move from this place on July 16, in the boats so far as they could find navigable water; elsewhere over rough ground (the rocks or the forest), dragging their boats and carrying their stores by hand; but they reached Fort Garry in five weeks, after prodigious labors, very skillfully directed and very cheerfully borne. There was no fighting to be done, the rebels having surrendered the fort and fled into the United States territory, which is distant but a few miles to the south. The descriptions that Captain HUYSHE gives of the country through which the expedition passed—Rainy Lake and Rainy River, Fort Frances, the Lake of the Woods, and Winnipeg River, which flows into Lake Winnipeg at Fort Alexander—show a picturesque diversity of scenes and incidents. We present two illustrations, engraved from his own sketches—one representing the head-quarters camp at the Matawan Bridge before the start from Shebandowan; another, the toilsome job of a "portage," where the boats must be hauled, upon log rollers, over a road cut through the woods from one lake or river to another. There were forty-seven such portages between Lake Shebandowan and Fort Garry. The boats were stoutly built, twenty-five or thirty feet long, and six or seven feet wide. The guns weighed 200 pounds each, the barrels of pork each two hundred-weight, the flour barrels 120 pounds, the biscuit barrels 100 pounds, and these heavy burdens were carried on the backs of the men. Some of them used "portage-straps," consisting of a band of leather three and a quarter inches broad, which rests upon the forehead, while its two ends are fastened round the package behind, which is held in its place by the hands. Others preferred letting the burden rest on a pair of slings between two poles, which were supported by two men, each man walking between the poles as in a sedan-chair, and either holding them in his two hands, or suspending them by straps to his shoulders. The men endured their great fatigues and continual exposure to the wet in the most praiseworthy manner; none of them complained, and none suffered in health. It is worthy of remark that they had not a drop of alcoholic or fermented liquor all the way; tea or coffee, with sugar, was the only stimulant allowed. Their daily rations were—of biscuits one pound, of salt pork one pound, and one-third of a pint of beans, or one-quarter of a pound of potatoes. Upon this fare, alike for officers and soldiers, and upon the teetotal principle with regard to drink, they worked fifteen hours a day as hard as any men ever could work. They were "constantly wet through, wet sometimes for days together." Yet, we are told, "they looked as healthy and cheery as possible, and there was not a sick man among them."



THE RED RIVER COUNTRY—CROSSING A PORTAGE.

FRENCH SERVANTS.

A RICH Parisian tradesman, who lived in a great house and spent tons of money, was concluding before the siege a negotiation with a servant who had just left the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia. Every thing was agreed on, and the master was on the point of saying, "Very well, then, come on Monday," when the man interrupted him with this communication: "There is one thing that I must observe to monsieur: having lived with Monsieur le Duc, I am accustomed to high society; and though I have now consented to take the direction of the house of monsieur, I must warn monsieur that I can announce no visitor without a title; consequently monsieur will have the goodness to understand that I shall usher in every body as a count or a marquis, even though it be the boot-maker or the father-in-law of monsieur."

Another had a mania for directing all the acts of his mistress. If she were going to give a ball, he would say, "Madame would do well not to give that ball; madame is not rich, and madame knows that balls are very expensive." If, on the contrary, she were going to a ball elsewhere, the argument would be: "Is it prudent for madame to go to a ball? Madame is not accustomed to wear low dresses; madame might catch a cold and die." Another time madame will say to him, "Who rang the bell just now?" He answers, "It was madame's mother, who had something very pressing to say to madame; but as I was sure it would tire madame, I told madame's mother that madame was not at home."

THE RED RIVER COUNTRY—CAMP AT MATAWAN BRIDGE.

THE DREADED GUEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

A BLEAK December night nearly a hundred years ago. Hard frost, and a keen, biting wind blowing the thick-drifting snow-flakes into the faces of those few foot passengers who still tramp the half-deserted city streets; a frost so hard that the fast-falling snow does not change to mud and slush all in a moment, after the usual manner of London snow, but lies crisp and white upon road and pavement, and crowns the steep roofs and gables with mountainous heaps of whiteness, which overhang the parapets, and threaten pedestrians with the fall of miniature avalanches.

There are retired nooks and corners of this crowded London city where the snow might lie almost as pure and undefiled as in some silent Alpine gorge known only to the eagle and the chamois: notably one narrow little street, scarcely better than a court or alley, in the region of Moorfields—an eminently respectable street in its way, tenanted by two or three working jewelers, a Dutch merchant in some small way of trade, the chief clerk in a great colonial house under the shadow of the Monument, and Dr. Prestwitch.

One feeble oil-lamp glimmers at the entrance to this quiet little street—which leads nowhere, by-the-way, Dr. Prestwitch's house facing the explorer and barring his farther progress, except through Dr. Prestwitch's hall door—one dim, blear-eyed little lamp, which does not do much toward the illumination of the street in a general way. But to-night there is the lightness and brightness of the snow which lies thick upon the paved footway between the two rows of tall, narrow houses, unmarked by a single footfall. The occupants of Little Bell Street are a sober, steady-going people, and there has been no traffic, not so much as the opening or shutting of a door, since eight o'clock this evening.

It is now eleven.

As an auxiliary to the public lamp, Dr. Prestwitch burns a little colored lamp of his own under the wooden shell that surmounts his door-way—a relic of former splendor, when great people lived in the city, and fashionable bachelors or small gentry with large pretensions may have occupied Little Bell Street; a lamp which announces his profession to the world at large, keeps him in the eye of the public, as it were, and which has more than once brought him a chance patient—some ruffian bruised and mangled in a street fight, a child run over in a neighboring thoroughfare, a black eye, or a sprained ankle.

There is one tall, narrow window upon each side of Dr. Prestwitch's tall, narrow door, and in the extreme left corner of Dr. Prestwitch's house there is a passage, scarcely wide enough to admit one person of bulky figure, leading to Dr. Prestwitch's back premises—the surgery where he compounds his medicines and spreads his plasters, and a bleak, bare room, with a long deal table on trestles, and a smaller leaden table fitted with a sink. This room is very rarely used by the doctor, never entered by the doctor's family, and has a dampish odor.

In the time of this December snow-storm Dr. Prestwitch was quite a young man; a young man with a bright, eager face, dark, curling hair, which he did not often disguise with powder and pomatum, and a bright, eager manner; a man who had given hostages to Fortune in the shape of a pretty little wife and three small children, and who was perhaps rather too anxious to succeed in life. It is doubtful whether this young surgeon had any legal right to the title of doctor, but the neighborhood of Little Bell Street had made him a doctor by common consent. The brass plate upon his stout oak door described him simply as "Mr. Prestwitch, Surgeon."

He had not a large practice, and the task of supporting that small household was a hard one, simple as were the needs of the pretty little wife and the three small children. They had one servant, a fat, overgrown girl, with a shock of red hair, and a countenance in which good temper did duty for all other charms—a stupid, honest creature, who heartily loved the doctor's wife and children, and thought the doctor himself the greatest man of his age. The daily meals in that respectable house in Little Bell Street were apt to be meagre in quantity and inferior in quality, but Barbara Snaffles—commonly called Bab—was a faithful soul, who would have shared the diet of Count Ugolino and his sons without a murmur, if fidelity had demanded such patience. As it was, she had a fair share of whatever was eaten or drunken in the house, and was treated more like a member of the family than was, perhaps, consistent with the dignity of a professional man's household.

On this particular December night she was sitting darning stockings upon one side of the hearth in the every-day parlor—a small paneled chamber, furnished in the scantiest way, but with a certain air of neatness, and even comfort, nevertheless—while her mistress occupied the other. A handful of fire burned cheerily in the old-fashioned grate—such a roomy old grate, with such a capacity for the consumption of fuel, but pinched and contracted by an artful contrivance of brick-work upon each side. The red worsted curtains, a trifle scanty even for the narrow window, but very comfortable-looking notwithstanding, had been drawn to their extremest stretch; the honest mahogany table had been vigorously polished by Bab after the removal of the tea-things, the one candle was kept carefully snuffed, the cat reposed luxuriously against the open-work side of the bright brass fender, and this room, altogether humble as it was, bore the unmistakable aspect of home.

The doctor was in his surgery reading. He was a studious young man, and in the dearth of more profitable employment devoted his evenings to the study of medical science. It had been a matter of no small regret to him that he had been unable to advance very far in the practical study of that branch of his profession which seemed to him the most important—the study of anatomy. The cost of a subject for his experiments rendered this part of his science almost a sealed book to the poor and hard-working student, who could not afford to avail himself of the services of those gangs of desperate ruffians who were continually violating the sanctity of the grave by their unholy traffic.

Martin Prestwitch had a friend, however, in the house-surgeon of Newgate, and that gentleman, who had a surfeit of subjects sometimes, had promised to send him the first defunct criminal he should be able to dispose of in a friend's favor. There were outstanding claims to be considered first, for the jail was in those days the only legitimate resource for the student; but whenever there should be a subject *to spare*, it was to be for Martin Prestwitch.

He had been reading hard in an old book upon anatomy this evening, and his fingers itched to be using the scalpel.

"I'm afraid Jack Tylney has forgotten his promise," he said, presently, with a sigh.

He was wrong. Mr. Tylney, the Newgate surgeon, had not forgotten the obligation that was upon him. His promise was destined to be kept that very night. The first footsteps to defile the snow that had remained untrodden through all the quiet evening hours were the footsteps of two men carrying a ghastly burden.

They took it first to the hall door, where one of them stooped to read the name upon the brass plate, and then knocked—a cautious, mysterious-sounding knock.

The door was opened almost immediately by the faithful Barbara, who scented a possible patient in this untimely summons; but at the sight of that ghastly burden—it was muffled in a sack; but there are some things that will not be hidden—she fell back with a start.

"Lord save us! what's that?" she cried.

"A subject for Dr. Prestwitch—the man that was hung for coining at Newgate this morning."

"What!" exclaimed Bab. "Do you mean to say it's a dead body?"

"Yes, miss," one of the bearers answered, with a grin. "Not to make too many bones about it, it's a stiff un—with Mr. Tylney's compliments to Dr. Prestwitch."

"Take the dreadful thing round to the surgery," said Barbara, aghast. "Master's in there reading. Take it down that passage. I'll come and open the door directly minute.—And to think that any one can wish to have such a thing!" she ejaculated, as she shut the front-door.

She had heard her master talk of that subject which Jack Tylney was to send him.

She opened the surgery door and told the doctor what had come for him, and then opened the door leading into the passage, where the men were waiting. Martin Prestwitch was all on the alert in a moment. He took his candle, led the way into that damp-smelling room set apart for such a purpose as this, and so rarely used. The horror was carried in there and laid upon the long deal table, Barbara Snaffles standing on the threshold all the time and peering in, fascinated by the ghastly sight. Then Martin Prestwitch and the men came out, and the doctor dismissed them with a shilling to buy drink—one of his few shillings.

He locked the door of his dissecting-room, while Barbara stood a little aloof, open-mouthed, devouring the scene with her big round eyes.

"Ask your mistress to make me some of her good coffee, Bab," said the doctor. "I shall sit up late to-night; and be sure she knows nothing of this business," he added, pointing to the locked door.

"Lord bless you! no, Sir; not for the world. I don't want to turn that poor dear's whole mask of blood, as mine was turned just now when I saw that orful thing in a sack."

Barbara gave a gulp, and made a wry face as she spoke.

"You had better come and say good-night to missus, Sir, if you want her to go to bed."

"Ay, to be sure," answered Martin Prestwitch, at all times an affectionate husband, but just at this moment somewhat distracted by the thought of that inanimate clay lying upon his table.

He went into the parlor, where his industrious little wife was singing softly to herself as she put the finishing touches to a triumph of ingenuity and economics in the shape of a frock for the biggest of the three small children, made out of a cast-off petticoat of her own.

"See, Martin," she cried, looking up at him with her bright, loving face; "won't Molly look nice in that?"

"Very nice, dear; but you oughtn't to sit up so late, sewing for Molly. It's nearly twelve o'clock."

"That's the very last stitch, Martin; and it's just as late for you, Sir, as it is for me: and you've not had a morsel of supper, either. There's the bit of beefsteak pudding that was left at dinner. Bab has warmed it nicely, and there it is, waiting for you, down in the fender."

"I'll eat it by-and-by, dear; but I've no appetite for supper just yet. I want you to make me a cup of coffee—as strong as you like."

"What, Martin! you're not going to sit up over your fusty old books again?" cried the little wife, dolefully.

It was a common thing for the doctor to sit poring over his medical books deep into the night, and Mary Prestwitch had often crept down stairs in the gray morning to find him still studying one of those dismal volumes, with his candle burned down to the socket.

"Yes, Mary, my dear; I want to sit up an hour or so longer. There's a very interesting case I am reading up—a case that will be useful to me in my practice; and you know, love, how much depends upon my getting on in my profession."

Mary gave a little nod and a sigh. Yes, indeed, it was vital to that small household that the surgeon's efforts should be crowned with success. Only that evening Mrs. Prestwitch and Bab had been calculating the amount of the Christmas bills—Christmas brings so little for struggling householders except bills—and wondering whether the trades-people would be content with such small sums as Dr. Prestwitch could give them on account.

"They know that we are honest, Bab," said the anxious wife; "thank Heaven, they know that! We have lived in this house five years, and paid our way somehow. I don't think they will find it in their hearts to be hard upon us."

Martin Prestwitch kissed his wife, and sent her off to bed directly she had made the coffee, during which operation there was heard a great clattering of bolts and bars from the indefatigable Barbara, who took as much pains to secure all these fastenings as if her master's house had been the most tempting field for an enterprising burglar. It was just midnight when the little woman tripped up stairs, with Barbara behind her, and all the clocks of the City seemed to be booming out the hour as Dr. Prestwitch went to his dissecting-room, carrying a steaming jug of coffee in one hand and a candle in the other. He had to put his jug on the floor while he unlocked the door, for there were no superfluous tables or sideboards in the passages of that sparsely furnished abode. The room struck cold as some ice-bound region on that bleak winter night, and the doctor's first labor was to light a fire. There were, happily, some wood and coals in the cupboard near the fire-place, and with these and an old newspaper Martin Prestwitch set to work. The task was not an easy one: the grate was damp, the smoke came down the chimney, and well-nigh choked him; but the doctor's patience and energy got the better of these difficulties, and when he rose from his kneeling position before the dingy hearth the fire was burning cheerily. He refreshed himself with a cup of coffee before proceeding to his more serious labor, and set the jug down upon the hearth, to keep the remainder of that comfortable beverage warm. Then he set to work in real earnest.

There is no need to enter upon the details of that ghastly performance. Before he had reached more than the preliminary stage of his labor, Dr. Prestwitch came to a full stop, suddenly, with the knife in his hand, arrested by a conviction that had come upon him like a flash of lightning, and set his heart beating with an awful fear.

Another moment, one rapid movement of that skillful hand which held the knife, and he might have been a murderer.

The creature was not dead!

Martin Prestwitch bent down with his ear against the felon's naked chest, and listened.

Yes, there it was, weak and suppressed, but still palpable to the professional ear—the action of the heart.

In the next moment the doctor was at work with the approved means of those days for the revival of suspended animation. It was a slow business, but he was rewarded at last. The coiner gave a great sigh, muttered something that sounded like an oath, and then opened his blood-shot eyes, and stared with a bewildered gaze at his benefactor, the man who had given him back his forfeited life.

"Where the —— am I?" he asked; "I thought they were going to hang me. Was there a reprieve?"

"No, there was no reprieve. Mr. Ketch must have bungled over his work, I suppose."

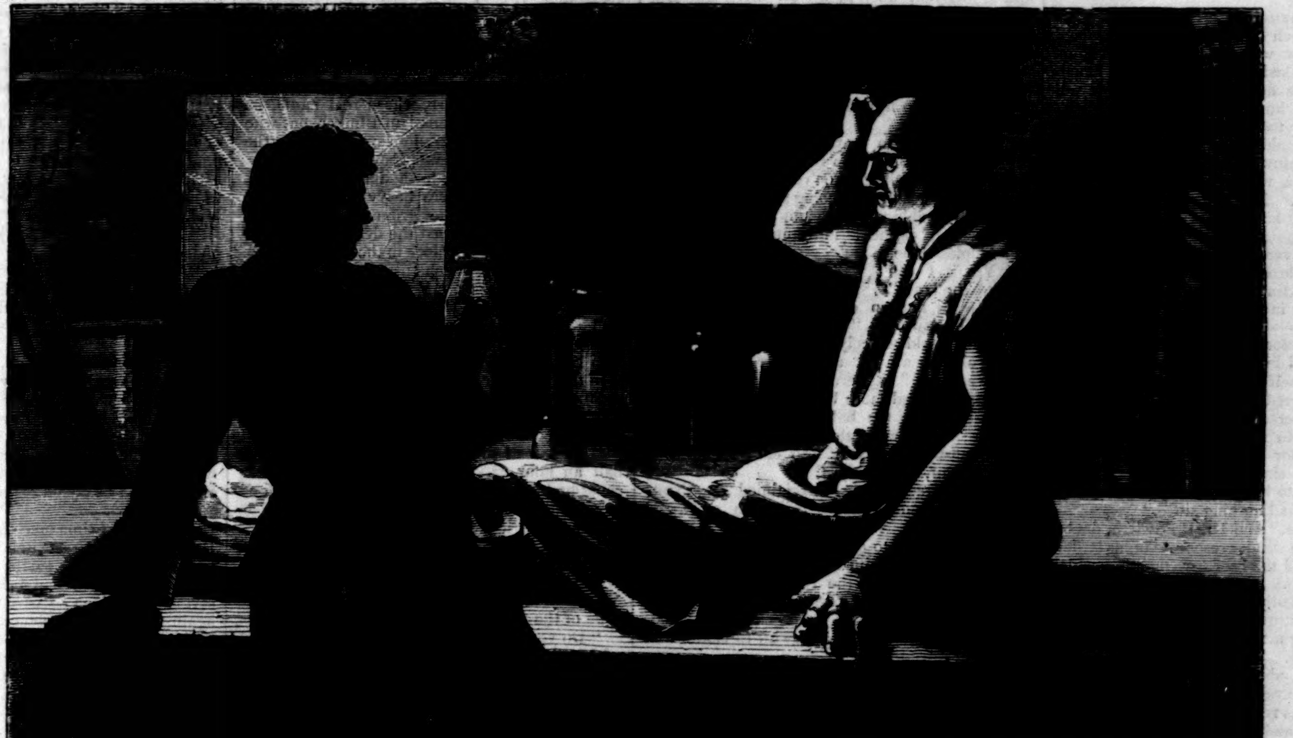
The coiner sat upright, and looked about him; and at this moment it occurred to Martin Prestwitch that he had perhaps been guilty of a kind of felony in giving back life to a man whom the law had doomed to death. The law was a critical thing in those days, involving such a large amount of execution that Dr. Prestwitch was by no means sure that such an act as assisting in a felon's evasion of the gallows might not be in itself a hanging matter.

But the deed was done; and there sat the coiner, a stalwart, square-built ruffian of near six feet high—a man who could have annihilated the slim surgeon.

"Can't you give a man something to drink?" asked the coiner. "My throat's like a lime-kiln."

Dr. Prestwitch handed him the coffee-jug, which he emptied at a draught.

"Cat-lap!" said the coiner, contemptuously; "but it's done me good. And now, do you mean to tell me as they hung me this morning? I remember standing on the drop, and feeling the sleet and hail pelting against the night-cap they'd pulled over my face; and I think, of all



RESUSCITATION OF THE DREADED GUEST.

the blessed cold days I can call to mind, this blessed morning was the coldest. Do you mean to tell me as they made a botch of it, and let me off?"

"So it appears," replied Dr. Prestwitch, gently; for although a man of some moral courage, he felt himself at a disadvantage in this tête-à-tête—"so it appears. All I know is that you were brought here about an hour ago, and introduced to my notice as an individual who had paid the last penalty of the law."

"Brought here? What for?"

"Well—for—in short, for scientific purposes. My name is Prestwitch, and I am a professor of medicine and surgery."

"WHAT!" roared the restored sufferer; "were you going to cut me up?"

The coiner looked so ferocious as he asked this question that Dr. Prestwitch felt as if his last moment had come.

"Don't excite yourself, my good friend," he remonstrated, mildly. "If things had been as I had every reason to suppose, you would not have felt the slightest inconvenience. The legitimate ends of science would have been promoted without any suffering on your part. How much happier would you have been in that respect than the dogs and rabbits whose vivisection has served to demonstrate the theories of some of our great anatomists! As it is, however, you have some reason to be grateful to me, as you owe me your life."

Dr. Prestwitch glanced toward the door, thinking there was no real necessity that this interview should be prolonged farther, and that this terrible guest of his might be going. Then, all at once, it dawned upon him that there was an obstacle to the coiner's departure. With the exception of the sacking that had muffled him when he was brought to Little Bell Street, he was garmentless; and the sacking was scarcely a costume for a cold winter's night in the streets of London.

"Grateful!" muttered the man. "I don't know as life's much of a favor to a poor devil that doesn't know where to get a mossel of bread; that's marked down by a pack of bloodhounds, and if he doesn't get hung to-day, is pretty safe to get hung to-morrow. You can't give me back my tools, I suppose? I had as pretty a set of moulds and presses as was ever seen, in a cellar down by Lambeth Pallis, for my business, which was a good un until a pal peached upon me. Howsomedever, I make no doubt you meant kindly, and here's my hand upon it."

With that the scoundrel extended a dingy-looking paw, very broad and muscular, the doctor observed, and Martin Prestwitch was fain to accept the friendly invitation, and shake hands with the coiner.

"And now, doctor," said the man, wrapping the sacking round him as closely as he could, and planting himself in the single chair by the fire, which he stirred in a manner that showed no mercy to the doctor's coals—"and now, doctor, since we begin to understand each other, I'll trouble you for something to eat. I had some breakfast at six o'clock this morning—for I wasn't a-going to be put off my feed by Jack Ketch—but I've had nothing since."

"I'll go and see," said Dr. Prestwitch, doubtfully, knowing the slender resources of his larder.

He remembered the beefsteak pudding, which had been put aside for his own supper, and which he could gladly have eaten just now, and he presently returned to the dissecting-room with this savory mess, and a great hunch of bread and cheese. The coiner devoured both, and then looked about him with the air of a man who could have eaten half an ox or so, and to whom this light refreshment seemed about as substantial as a handful of lollipops.

"You haven't got any more of that there puddin', I suppose?" he asked, rather dolefully.

"Not a morsel."

"Nor a slice of cold beef, or any thing in that way?"

"I am sorry to say there is no cold joint in the house."

"And I'm sorry to hear it. You ain't out of bread and cheese, though, I dare say; and I must make up with that. So if you'll bring me the loaf and the cheese, I shall be thankful. Don't take the trouble to cut it. It ain't likely as a gentleman such as you would be able to take the measure of *my* appetite."

Dr. Prestwitch sighed as he went away to comply with this request, distressed to think how bare a look the larder would have next morning at breakfast-time. The quartern loaf was shrunk already, the family cheese was only the remnant of a pale-complexioned specimen of the Dutch kind; but it was impossible to refuse submission to the demands of such a guest; so Martin Prestwitch carried these provisions to the coiner, and laid them on the table before him, with a plate and knife.

"Your house don't seem to be too well supplied with victuals, doctor," said the man, eying the pale-faced cheese with no special favor.

"I am not a rich man," Martin Prestwitch answered, humbly. "I find it a hard thing to live."

"Humph!" muttered the coiner; "that's a common complaint, I suppose. I've had my ups and downs—the fat of the land to-day, and a dry crust to-morrow; and now I've got to begin life again, with the brand of the law upon me, every man's hand against me, and no more mercy to expect from any of 'em than if I was a hunted rat. I should like to know how I'm to set about getting my living when I leave this house to-morrow morning."

Dr. Prestwitch breathed a little more freely. It was some relief to him to learn that this unexpected visitor did contemplate departing in the morning. What a blessed thing it would be to have him gone! It seemed to the perplexed surgeon as if the burden of this nameless criminal's presence had been weighing him down for months.

The coiner made a fierce dart at the pale cheese, and hewed alternate wedges from that and the loaf in a half-absent manner until both were demolished, grumbling to himself the while about the hardness of life, when a poor creature might not manufacture a few guineas for himself without becoming liable to the stiffest penalties of the law.

"And how I'm to begin work again, with all my tools gone, and not a pal as I can trust in, is more than I know," muttered the coiner, audibly.

"I really think, my good friend," Dr. Prestwitch suggested gently, "that in your case I should emigrate. A foreign country—a new country especially, like Nova Scotia—might offer a fair field for"—Dr. Prestwitch did not like to say "coining," but concluded with a polite periphrasis—"your particular line of business."

"Emigrate!" exclaimed the coiner, contemptuously. "How the deuce"—his actual expression was considerably more forcible; but Dr. Prestwitch, who was always a mild man, used to tell this story in the mildest language, only hinting that his guest's vocabulary had been something beyond the common in the way of rude vernacular vigor—"how the deuce is a man to emigrate who hasn't sixpence toward his passage-money? And a nice outfit I've got for emigration!" added the coiner, with a shiver, looking down at the sacking in which he was hugging his burly limbs. "If you want me to emigrate, doctor, you must find the rhino."

"I!" cried Martin Prestwitch, turning a shade paler, though he had been pale enough before. "My good man, what are you dreaming of?"

"Yes, *you*: you brought me back to life, and you're bound to provide for me. I didn't ask you to come any of your reviving dodges over me, did I? I was brought here to be dissected, and it was your duty to dissect me. But you scientific parties are never satisfied without trying your blessed experiments!"

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed Dr. Prestwitch, completely confounded by this blatant ingratitude. "Here is an extraordinary creature! I restore him to life, and he looks upon me as his enemy!"

"I didn't ask to be restored, did I?" grumbled the coiner. "Life's no favor to such as me! Howsomedever, you've revived me, and now you must keep me going; and, in the first place, I'll trouble you for a suit of clothes."

"A suit of clothes!" murmured the surgeon, in a helpless tone.

"Yes. I can't walk about like this; it's against the laws."

"I have not an extensive wardrobe," said Martin Prestwitch; "and even if I had, my garments would scarcely fit you."

"Well, you are but a poor thread-paper of a man, certainly," answered the coiner, who had perhaps devoured more beef in a week than the surgeon was in the habit of consuming in a quarter; "but any clothes are better than none, and I must screw myself into 'em somehow; so turn 'em out, Mr. Doctor."

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed Dr. Prestwitch again, dolefully; "it's like an awful dream."

He went away to do his visitor's bidding. It did really seem to him almost as if he had been walking in his sleep, the victim of some grewsome vision. A cold perspiration bedewed his forehead as he crept up stairs, candle in hand, to search for garments wherewith to clothe that midnight intruder.

He chose the biggest things he could find—a bottle-green riding-coat with a fur collar, that had belonged to his father (a good and substantial garment, which he had cherished with care, intending to have it cut down and adapted for his own wear on some convenient occasion). It went to his heart to part with this treasure, and he felt the fineness of the cloth with a slow, regretful hand, as he flung the garment over his arm. He found a pair of leather knee-breeches that had belonged to the same esteemed parent—a bulkier man than himself; and with these, a clean linen shirt, and a rusty black brocaded waistcoat of his own, garnished with copper lace, he went down stairs.

"I can only *lend* you the coat," he said, as he laid the garments before the coiner; "the breeches and waistcoat you are welcome to keep."

The unknown looked at the things with a somewhat contemptuous expression of countenance, and then proceeded to invest himself in them, splitting the shirt sleeves with his brawny arms, and straining the leathern breeches of the defunct Prestwitch senior with his ponderous legs. The waistcoat he split up the back with a knife, and laced up the opening dextrously with a bit of whip-cord which the doctor procured for him. The coat fitted him comfortably, and concealed all deficiencies; but even then there remained. his extremities still unclad—his great bare feet and muscular legs—for which Martin Prestwitch must needs find shoes and stockings. With that bottle-green coat and fur collar the man was too well dressed to go out barefoot.

"As soon as the shops are open, I'll slip out and buy you a pair of shoes and stockings," said the doctor; "but for mercy's sake, man, keep quiet while I'm gone. I wouldn't have my wife know of your being in the house for worlds."

"I'll keep quiet enough," growled the coiner. "These togs are no great shakes; but I feel myself more like a Christian in 'em than I felt in that old sack; and, I say, doctor, you'll give me a trifle of money to set me going again, won't you?"

"Money!" exclaimed Martin Prestwitch. "Why, my good creature, I'm as poor as a church mouse!"

"Come, that won't do," said the coiner. "You doctors make no end of money helping your patients out of this world. It's only fair you should spend a little on a patient that you've helped *into* the world."

The doctor again urged his poverty, but it was no use. His arguments, however reasonable, prevailed nothing against that direful visitant.

"It's no good humbugging, doctor," said the man. "I don't leave this house without a fi'-pun note."

It did happen that Martin Prestwitch possessed the sum of seven pounds ten, amassed by what supreme efforts of economy he and his narrow household only could have told, and honestly set aside for the payment of the Christmas quarter's rent. To part with any of this would be like shedding his heart's blood; but he felt himself utterly unable to cope with this dreadful creature, whom he had given back to the living world; and if the coiner had asked him for his heart's blood instead of a five-pound note, it seemed to Martin Prestwitch that he must needs have given it.

So, after a longish parley, and a desperate endeavor to defend his treasure on the doctor's part, Martin Prestwitch stole up stairs once more in the dead night-time, and crept like a robber to his little hoard, from which he took the five-pound note demanded by his tormentor. He looked at a little Dutch clock in the kitchen before he went back to the dissecting-room—watch he had none—and saw that it wanted still a quarter to three o'clock. The long, dismal winter's night was not half gone yet, and Dr. Prestwitch did not know how much more that resuscitated felon might ask of him before it was done. To think of going to bed was worse than idle; sleep or rest was an impossibility, with that baleful creature upon the premises. Dr. Prestwitch seated himself by the fire, opposite his visitor, and prepared to wait for morning with what patience he might.

Fed and clothed, the intruder was inclined to be social, and expanded considerably as the night wore on, favoring Dr. Prestwitch with numerous glimpses of his past history, exhibiting a career at once adventurous and felonious. Sense of right and wrong seemed altogether wanting to this creature, whose real name, he told the doctor, was Jonathan Blinker, but who had been known to fame by several aliases, the most familiar of which was Captain Flashman.

Day dawned at length—a dull gray winter's morning, the atmosphere heavy with unfallen snow, the bright white ground looking even whiter than it was against the dense leaden sky. When the little Dutch clock in the kitchen struck seven, Martin Prestwitch turned the key of the dissecting-room door, and conjured Mr. Blinker to keep silence; and for one whole hour the two men sat without speaking, Mr. Blinker dozing by the expiring fire, the surgeon listening to Barbara Snaffles's movements as she bustled about, performing her morning duties. Then came the shrill small voices of the children, and then his wife's gentle tones inquiring for the doctor at the dissecting-room door.

"You don't mind being locked in here for half an hour or so, while I go and get those shoes and stockings, do you?" asked Martin of Mr. Blinker, in a whisper.

The coiner looked at him doubtfully.

"You ain't going to sell me, are you?" he said. "You wouldn't go and peach upon a poor devil that you've brought back to life? You wouldn't let me swing a second time for the sake of the reward?"

"Do you take me for a scoundrel?" exclaimed Martin, with suppressed indignation.

"No, I don't, and I'll trust you," answered the other, promptly.

So Dr. Prestwitch went out, and locked the door behind him, to secure his secret from the exploring eyes of Barbara Snaffles.

He had to answer his wife's remonstrances and tender upbraidings. How could he sit up all night, to the peril of his precious health? He told her that his studies had been especially interesting, and the night had slipped away unawares.

"What! didn't it seem long, Martin," she exclaimed, "all those hours down in that cold, dreary room?"

"No, indeed, my love; I never was more comfortable," answered the doctor, with audacious mendacity.

"You ate a good supper, anyhow, Sir," said the familiar Barbara. "Only think, mum; there isn't a mossel of yesterday's quartern, and the Dutch cheese is clean gone!"

Martin Prestwitch slunk off without attempting an answer to this accusation. He muttered something about seeing a patient in the next street, put on his hat, and went out.

It would not do to trifle with Mr. Blinker. The shops must be open by this time, and the coiner might be shod and dispatched. The doctor cheapened a pair of roomy second-hand shoes on a cobbler's stall, and bought a pair of comfortable worsted stockings, of the size which his anatomical eye taught him was likely to suit Mr. Blinker. The half hour had scarcely expired when he turned the key in the dissecting-room door. The coiner was asleep, with his head reposing comfortably upon the operating table.

The shoes and stockings were an admirable fit; and when Dr. Prestwitch had farther provided an old hat, Mr. Blinker presented a tolerably respectable appearance. There was still the question of disguise; but the doctor, after some little search in his surgery, found a pair of green spectacles, which made a considerable alteration in Jonathan Blinker's physiognomy. When these had been assumed, the doctor looked out, saw that the ground was clear, that no inquisitive Barbara or anxious wife was lurking in the shadow of an adjacent door-way, and then ushered Mr. Blinker into the court, rejoiced beyond all measure to be rid of him, even at the cost of a five-pound note and that excellent bottle-green coat.

On the threshold Mr. Blinker turned round.

"I shall give you a look in soon, doctor, to tell you how I get on."

"Oh, don't, if you please," the surgeon cried, piteously. "It would never do for you to come here. You see, my family look upon you in the light of a body, and I don't see how they are to be brought to regard you from any other point of view."

"I sha'n't come to see your family," replied Jonathan Blinker; "I shall come to see you."

With this awful threat he stalked away, looking gigantic in the narrow alley. The doctor closed the door with a groan, and went to the parlor, where the meagre breakfast was neatly laid on the round table by the small bright fire, and where the anxious wife was ready to take alarm at Martin's haggard face.

But Mary Prestwitch's anxious looks were not half so embarrassing as the searching glances of Barbara Snaffles, who regarded the surgeon with a morbid curiosity, as a man who had just left an abnormal employment. She lingered in the room while he ate his breakfast, handing him his coffee-cup and hovering over his solitary egg.

"Is *it* there still?" she asked him, in a stage whisper, while Mrs. Prestwitch was engaged with the three hungry children, the youngest of which was still dependent upon the maternal breast for the most primitive kind of nourishment.

"What do you mean by *it?*" Dr. Prestwitch asked, impatiently.

"Him! The body!"

"No, girl; it's gone."

"Gone? What! you've done with it already?"

"Yes."

"And they've fetched it away?"

"Yes, they've fetched it away."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Barbara, with an injured air; "they must have been in a hurry. I thought I should have seen it this morning. I've seen a many in my time—drowned and otherwise—and I never missed one before. I make no doubt I shall dream of him."

"Dream of him! Nonsense, girl."

"Not having seen him, I make no doubt I shall dream of him," said Barbara, with an air of conviction. "I never missed one before—not if it was three streets off, and the family as it belonged to a'most strangers to me; and to have had one in the same house, and not seen him, seems right-down stupid like."

"Good gracious me!" cried the doctor; "the girl is a perfect vampire!"

"Was it them two as brought him as fetched him away?" Miss Snaffles inquired, curiously.

"Of course," answered the doctor.

"And are they going to bury him in Newgate?"

"I suppose so. There, Bab, go and mind your work, and don't worry me any more about the man. He's gone; that's enough for you."

Heartily did Martin Prestwitch wish that his visitor of last night had indeed been carried away to be safely interred within the prison walls. That farewell threat of Jonathan Blinker's weighed heavy on his soul.

For the first time since he had lived in Little Bell Street Dr. Prestwitch was behindhand with his Christmas rent, to the bewilderment of his faithful wife, who had helped him to save the seven pounds ten so carefully scraped together against the landlord should claim his due.

"It's gone, Mary," the doctor said, dismally, "or at least five pounds ten of it. You see, my dear, I was obliged to part with it."

"But what for, Martin? What could you want five pounds ten for?—you, who never spend money."

"Surgical instruments, my love; a man's first duty is to his profession."

And again Martin Prestwitch hated himself for having lied to the wife of his bosom.

The landlord was displeased, but not implacable. Dr. Prestwitch was a careful tenant, and had shown himself an honest man; so, after grumbling a little, the landlord gave him a month's grace, and went his way.

Jonathan Blinker kept his promise. In the wintry gloaming a great hulking man in a bottle-green coat with a fur collar might have been often seen entering the doctor's surgery from the narrow side-alley, with a furtive, surreptitious air. Here Dr. Prestwitch held converse with him, and was fain to provide some small sum of money against his coming. In time these donations took the form of a weekly allowance, and the accomplished Captain Flashman became a regular pensioner upon the doctor. He always used the same argument when claiming this bounty: Dr. Prestwitch had revived him of his own volition, and was therefore bound to aliment him—to keep him "going," as the captain called it.

Dr. Prestwitch submitted to this imposition with much bitterness of spirit, and many a groan breathed in the solitude of his surgery. He was a man of a gentle and somewhat timorous nature, and he felt himself quite unequal to resist such a claimant; so week by week the poor fellow's brain was racked by the consideration of how he was to provide for Jonathan Blinker. Nor was it money only that his tormentor demanded from him. The ex-coiner was of a hungry temperament, and took it in bad part if there was not some trifling snack provided for him when he paid his weekly visit: whereby the surgeon was fain to have recourse to divers small stratagems in order to set aside the remains of a beefsteak pie or to secure the blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton for the refection of his oppressor. The devoted Barbara did not fail to note the disappearance of these viands, and to remark upon the fitfulness of her master's appetite.

For a long time this secret burden weighed

Martin Prestwitch down to the dust. Life had been a hard struggle before, but it was infinitely harder now, when the small weekly scrapings which he might have saved were all absorbed by the omnivorous Blinker. He woke sometimes in the dead of the night, startled from sleep by the memory of his tormentor, and lay broad awake for hours, brooding over his difficulties.

Mr. Blinker had taken care to impress upon him that the thing he had done was against the law, and that he was liable to some severe penalty for having assisted in the evasion of a condemned felon. Being too benevolent a man to betray his incubus, and not valorous enough to face the difficulties of the case, Dr. Prestwitch submitted to be imposed upon, and received his pensioner as meekly as if Jonathan Blinker had been a creditor armed with a righteous claim against him.

Things went on in this dismal manner for some time, and then there came a gradual change for the better in the doctor's circumstances. Patients dropped in upon him, or sent for him, much oftener than of old. Now it was a summons to attend the birth of some denizen of a slum in St. Giles's, anon he was called to the death-bed of some ancient inhabitant of the Mint; sometimes he was sent for to repair the damages caused by a faction fight in the purlieus of Field Lane, or to operate upon the fractured ribs of some muscular member of the dangerous classes in Bedfordbury. On all these occasions he found that he had been recommended by Jonathan Blinker, who had described him as a perfect master of surgery and physic; and on all these occasions Dr. Prestwitch had reason to suspect that his new clients belonged to the criminal classes. But patients are patients, and these people paid the doctor promptly and liberally when flush of money, and showed themselves honorable whenever he gave them credit. The juvenile population in these quarters was perpetually being increased; and the ladies being uniformly pleased with gentle Martin Prestwitch, one matron recommended him to another, until the gentleman who was usually described among them as "Blinker's doctor" found his practice was really picking up, and his financial position becoming easier.

There were still, however, those dreaded visits of Jonathan Blinker; and it seemed to Dr. Prestwitch as if his whole life was pervaded by that bulky figure in the bottle-green coat, very shiny about the cuffs and elbows and very mangy as to the fur collar by this time. And yet he felt that on the whole he was bound to be grateful to his tormentor, for the ultimate result of the business had been advantageous to himself. He did even try to make some show of gratitude; while Jonathan, on his part, was positively affectionate to his benefactor, declaring himself ready to serve him in any manner, at the hazard of a second suspension *per col.* even.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, doctor," he said. "I'd coin for you if I had a new set of tools, or the money to buy 'em. There!"

The doctor, of course, entreated him to dismiss all ideas of coining from his brain, and to set about leading an honest life; but on this Mr. Blinker would only shake his head dubiously, as not perceiving the relevancy of the proposition.

So things went on for nearly three years. The doctor's three small children had been recruited by an infantine brother, and now numbered four, with the possibility of a fifth looming in the distance. The doctor's practice was better, but it was not a good one, and could not by any means be called an aristocratic or even a genteel practice; nor had the doctor any prospect of being able to remove to a more fashionable locality than Little Bell Street. He could pay the butcher and the baker, however, and had no need to worry himself about his rent; and this, to a man of such modest desires, was enough for contentment.

Mr. Blinker had been his pensioner all this time, and Barbara Snaffles had become quite familiar with the weekly visitor in the bottle-green coat, dimly visible in the gloaming; for whatever the season of the year, Mr. Blinker came only in the twilight. She believed in him firmly as a patient in the corn-chandlery line—Dr. Prestwitch had told her he was a corn-chandler—afflicted with some chronic disease, and one of her master's most profitable customers.

The third year was closing in when the evening and hour of Mr. Blinker's accustomed visit came round without bringing that gentleman to Little Bell Street. It was the first time he had failed to appear with Tuesday evening's dusk since the foundation of this institution, and Dr. Prestwitch passed the remainder of the evening in a state of almost feverish restlessness, with the ex-coiner's allowance in his pocket. Could any thing have happened to Jonathan Blinker? Could it be that this infliction had come to a sudden end?

A second Tuesday came round, and again Mr. Blinker was missing; a third, and then a fourth, with the same result. Dr. Prestwitch felt a wild, half-guilty hope that he should never see Jonathan Blinker again. Yet he was somewhat sorry to think that evil had befallen the missing man, nevertheless; for the surgeon was of a kindly disposition, and the creature had loved him.

Six weeks went by, and there were still no tidings of Mr. Blinker. The surgeon read the police news, expecting to see some record of calamity to his felonious acquaintance; but the scanty news sheet of the day contained no information of the missing Jonathan. If he had suffered, he had suffered under some alias unknown to the doctor. At the end of the six weeks, and while Dr. Prestwitch's wonderment was yet at its height, there came a mysterious brown paper parcel, addressed to the doctor in a queer, cramped hand that he had never seen before. It was a small oblong package, very carefully corded and sealed, yet in a somewhat clumsy manner; and it arrived in the evening, while Martin Prestwitch was enjoying a pleasant interval of repose in the bosom of his family.

The surgeon of Little Bell Street was not the recipient of many parcels. Gifts and offerings of friendship were not showered upon him, even at the most festive season. Christmas brought him no monster turkeys, the new year no costly frivolities for his children in the way of sugar-plums; and his little ones had grown out of infancy without so much as a sponsorial fork and spoon among the four of them. The advent of a parcel, therefore, was a sufficient cause for excitement in the small family circle. The loving little wife's bright eyes grew brighter with pleasure, the two elder children hustled each other at their father's knees in their eagerness to see the parcel opened; and Barbara Snaffles stood open-mouthed and open-eyed at her master's elbow.

The parcel felt very heavy—almost like plate, Dr. Prestwitch thought—and, oh! what an acceptable gift a dozen or so of silver forks and spoons would have been in that humble household! He broke the seals and unfastened the cord with hands that were tremulous with excitement. Inside the brown paper there was a small deal box, roughly made, and with the lid nailed down. There was some work and some delay in raising the lid; but when it was lifted Mary Prestwitch thought the sight she beheld an all-sufficient reward for a hundred times as much trouble.

Comfortably reposing between two layers of cotton-wool appeared a quantity of golden guineas, their yellow brightness pleasingly relieved by a background of crown pieces, fresh from the mint.

"Oh, Martin!" cried the little woman, with clasped hands, "who can have sent us so much money? Thanks be to God, whoever it is!"

For a few moments Dr. Prestwitch did indeed believe that some unknown benefactor had taken compassion upon his poverty, and that the glistening counters before him were genuine coin of the realm. Only moments; and then the image of Jonathan Blinker arose before his dazzled eyes, and he felt assured that these bright reproductions of King George's image were the handiwork of the coiner.

He pushed away his wife's hand as she stretched it out to take one of the guineas.

"Don't excite yourself, Molly," he said, gently. "It isn't real money. It's only some one playing off a practical joke upon me."

"Not real money? Oh, Martin!" exclaimed the wife, with something like a sob.

"No, my love. They look very well, certainly, but there's not a genuine guinea among them; and if you or I were to try to pass one of them, it would be at the hazard of our necks."

"I wouldn't mind trying, though," said the reckless Barbara, "at Bartlemy Fair."

"Bab, I'm ashamed of you!" cried the doctor. He took up one of the delusive coins between his finger and thumb, and felt the edges with the air of a man learned in metallurgy.

"Examine the milling, my dear," he said, handing the false guinea to his wife. "That is the test."

Mary Prestwitch burst out crying as she looked at the bright simulacrum. It was a bitter disappointment. Five minutes ago she had fancied that a shower of riches had descended upon them; and now it seemed as if the thought of their poverty was a keener pang than it had ever been before.

"Are they really false, Martin?" she asked, piteously.

"As false as any that ever a man was hung for coining," replied the doctor.

He had just come upon a scrap of paper that lurked at the bottom of the box—a brief scrawl from Jonathan Blinker:

"Honerd Sirr," wrote the felon, "I ave gott sum tooles and biggun work agen. I send a fu spessimints, wich may be yusefull. They wold parse in ye nayburode. Y^rs to comand, J. B."

Martin Prestwitch tossed this missive into the fire.

"Oh, Martin, who is it that has played this wicked trick?" asked his wife; "and what was there in that note?"

"Nothing that I could make out, Molly. Don't fret, my darling. I don't suppose the person meant unkindly."

"Not mean unkindly? And to disappoint us like that! Oh, Martin!"

The Christmas snow lay in the retired nooks and by-ways of the great city once more, and the doctor was fourteen years older than at the beginning of this story. But he still lived in Little Bell Street, and still worked very hard to provide for his wife and children. The fact was, he had so many of them that his household expenses for the last fourteen years had been steadily on the increase. He did not grumble at this, however. He could ill have spared one of that merry band.

His circumstances had improved somewhat year by year, but never so much as to justify his removal to a more fashionable neighborhood. His patients belonged to the lower classes, and if he had left Little Bell Street, he must have left his practice behind him. So a whole nosegay of blooming flowers had grown up in that dingy old house, more or less under the dominion of Barbara Snaffles. "Old servants are such hard masters," says Charles Reade; and certainly Barbara ruled the doctor's household with a rod of iron.

There was a great commotion in the family this Christmas. The eldest girl, her mother's namesake, Molly, was going to be married—going to be transplanted into a sphere of life much loftier than that in which her father and mother had their being; for she had been lucky enough to win the affections of a fashionable young doctor, whose father was a physician with a large West End practice; a very proud and pompous gentleman, not a little disposed to consider that his only son was throwing himself away upon pretty Molly Prestwitch.

They were to be married upon the last day of the old year, and poor Molly had had hard work to prepare her simple wedding outfit, with the aid and counsel of Barbara Snaffles. Gentle little Mrs. Prestwitch was something of a cipher in the household, like most mild-tempered women whose lives are taken up with the rearing of children. She was content to look on and see the indefatigable Barbara manage for herself and her family, and it seemed to her that every thing Mistress Snaffles did was wise.

On Christmas-day there was to be a great festival in Little Bell Street. Young Mr. Clemmory—Molly's intended—was to dine with his future father-in-law; and the great Dr. Clemmory himself, of Saville Row, had condescended to accept Martin Prestwitch's invitation to partake of his modest Christmas fare. The fare was to be by no means unworthy of the distinguished guest, however; for Barbara had been up to her eyes in preparations for the last week, and had cheapened one of the finest geese in Leadenhall Market for the feast, which, with a haunch of mutton, a boiled round of beef, and a veal pie, the doctor and his wife agreed would make a very pretty little dinner. They were to dine at three in the afternoon—quite a patrician hour—but young Clemmory had informed them that his father never dined earlier; and as the appointed time drew near, Barbara's nervousness increased to a feverish intensity. She felt that her reputation as a cook and a manager was staked upon this cast.

A little before three Dr. Clemmory and his son arrived, the West End physician a ponderous man, with a fat voice, a powdered wig, a pair of handsome legs in black silk stockings, and a gold-headed cane. The small wainscoted parlor seemed hardly capacious enough for such grand company; and Mrs. Prestwitch was quite fluttered by the importance of her guest.

It was nearly dinner-time, and they were all assembled in the parlor: Molly the younger radiant and blooming in a white muslin frock, with a coral necklace round her slender throat; two younger girls, who looked like smaller repetitions of Molly; three boys, more or less in the hobbledehoy stage of existence, all in clean shirt frills, but showing a little more bony wrist below their coat cuffs than was in accordance with the reigning fashion—poor people's children grow so fast. It was on the stroke of three; Mrs. Prestwitch was wondering how the goose would turn out; whether the haunch of mutton would be roasted to that perfection of culinary art which such a man as Dr. Clemmory had a right to expect in any joint set before him; and whether Barbara would emerge triumphantly from the plum-pudding ordeal, and walk unscathed through the mince-pie furnace. The house was small, and the narrow entrance hall had been odorous with dinner for the last hour or more.

Before the neighboring clocks began to strike the hour, there came a loud double knock at Dr. Prestwitch's door. The surgeon and his wife started and stared at each other aghast. They had invited no other guest; and the advent of a dropper-in upon such an occasion would be an unmixed calamity. Every fork and spoon had been pressed into the service of the day, every inch of the dinner-table was engaged.

The West End physician was laying down the law in his pompous voice, talking about the king and my Lord North and those contumacious Americans; but every other tongue was silent, and Dr. and Mrs. Prestwitch were straining their ears to the utmost to hear the opening of the street-door, and Barbara's parley with the unexpected visitor. There was a long pause: it was not an easy thing for Bab to leave her dinner at the supreme moment of "dishing-up," and it would have been ill manners for a member of the family to leave the room in order to open the street-door. There was a prolonged pause, therefore, during which the church-clocks chimed three with a solemn sound, and the individual who had knocked gave a loud, husky h'm, a sound that sent a cold shiver through Martin Prestwitch, he scarce knew why.

At last the door was opened, and a voice that turned the surgeon's blood to ice was heard inquiring for Dr. Prestwitch. Then a pair of creaking shoes walked down the passage, the parlor door was flung open, and Barbara announced Mr. JONATHAN BLINKER!

It was the coiner, dressed in a brand-new bottle-green coat and breeches, and a scarlet waistcoat elaborately adorned with gold-lace; the coiner grown stout and red-faced and prosperous-looking; the coiner in a snow-white frilled shirt, and with a new three-cornered hat under his arm.

There was a dead silence. Martin Prestwitch's countenance assumed a sickly hue; the great man from Saville Row stopped suddenly in his lecture, and stared at the new-comer as if waiting for an introduction. Mrs. Prestwitch and the children stared also, but were inclined to consider Mr. Blinker's jovial red face in a favorable aspect. He looked an eminently respectable gentleman of the agricultural class.

"How d'ye do, doctor?" he said, unabashed by the assembly in which he found himself. "I've just come back from America, and I thought I'd give you a look up before I went any where else, even though it was Christmas-day; and I don't mind cutting my Christmas beef with you, if you've no objections."

What could Martin Prestwitch do—a weak soul at the best, and especially feeble where Jonathan Blinker was concerned? He faltered out a half-audible introduction: "Dr. Clemmory, Mr. Blinker; Mr. Clemmory, Mr. Blinker." The physician bowed with an urbane stateliness; good-natured George Clemmory shook hands with the stranger.

"Your arrival is somewhat of a coincidence," said Dr. Clemmory; "we were discussing the aspect of American affairs when you knocked."

Barbara announced dinner before Mr. Blinker could reply. By a rapid and judicious manœuvring of the knives and forks she had contrived to prepare a cover for the uninvited guest, and the coiner took his place among the rest of the company, to the horror of Martin Prestwitch, who knew not what revelations might be made before the meal was finished, and who felt that his face was palpably bedewed with cold perspiration.

The banquet was a success. Dr. Clemmory ate like an alderman, and praised the goose and the haunch until Barbara's countenance glowed with an honorable pride. Mr. Blinker made himself eminently agreeable, talking jovially with the youngsters at his end of the table, and leading the laughter for all Dr. Clemmory's jokes with a stentorian peal. It is true that he put his knife in his mouth a good deal, and supped up his gravy in a painfully audible manner; but people were not so refined in those days, and a prosperous agriculturist might do as much as this without creating a scandal. Altogether things were much better than Martin Prestwitch had expected, and as the evening wore on he began to breathe freely.

After dinner there was a dessert of nuts and oranges. How happy George Clemmory and pretty Molly Prestwitch seemed roasting chestnuts at the fire in the dimly lighted parlor, with all those young brothers and sisters, while their parents conversed more gravely in the dining-room, where there was a steaming bowl of punch! Under the influence of punch the West End physician became wonderfully expansive, and patronized Jonathan Blinker in the most genial manner.

"I like a man of that stamp," he said, afterward, in confidence to Martin Prestwitch; "an honest, jovial fellow, cast in a good mould, Sir—cast in a good mould. There's genuine metal there, Dr. Prestwitch; you can hear the ring of it. The man is sterling coin, Sir."

Martin Prestwitch shivered, and could only reply with a sickly smile.

Before the night was out Dr. Clemmory was obviously the worse or the better for liquor, and had become almost maudlin in his expressions of regard for the ex-coiner. Mr. Blinker had drunk more, but the strong drink had no effect upon him. When the physician's coach came to fetch him away from Little Bell Street he volunteered to set Mr. Blinker down at his inn before driving home, an offer which was accepted, to the horror of Martin Prestwitch.

If Dr. Clemmory had taken a fancy to Mr. Blinker, that worthy, on his part, had taken a fancy to the junior members of the Prestwitch family. He insisted upon kissing the three girls under the mistletoe when he wished them good-night, and wound up by kissing Barbara Snaffles in the passage. He squeezed Martin Prestwitch by the hand upon the threshold, and said, in a confidential voice,

"I think you've been glad to see me, doctor, and I take it kindly. I've not forgot past favors. I've made a bit of money out yonder in the shipping line, and I've left every penny of it to you."

It was the truth; and the bit of money turned out to be a large fortune, which Dr. Prestwitch inherited three years afterward from the grateful Blinker, who expired in the odor of sanctity at his own house at Clapton, sincerely regretted by the young Prestwitches, to whom he had been a kind of fairy godfather, showering benefits and gifts upon them during those concluding years of his life. To the last day of his existence Dr. Clemmory was wont to speak of Mr. Blinker as a model of probity, and the very flower of successful traders and self-made men.

SUDDEN DEATH.

No man dies suddenly. Death surprises no man, but gives all men sufficient warning and notice......Do ye complain of sudden death, that have carried death about ye ever since ye were born? that have been entertained with daily spectacles of carcasses and funerals? that have heard so many sermons upon the subject, and read so many good books on the frailty of life and the certainty of death? Do ye not know that every moment that ye live brings ye nearer to your end? Your clothes wear out; your woods and your houses decay; and yet ye look that your bodies should be immortal! What are the common accidents and diseases of life but warnings to provide yourself for a remove?

"WERRY NICE BOOTS."

ONCE on a time Lord John Russell called a cab in the evening to carry him from the House of Commons to Chesham Place. To the cabman he gave a coin; but when, with proper care, he balanced his accounts that night, he found 19*s.* short. He rightly concluded that he had given his driver a sovereign for a shilling. On the following day he asked the waterman in Palace Yard whether he remembered the cabman. The cabman was found. Lord John reminded him of what had occurred. The cabman knew all about it, and acknowledged his rascality. Lord John suggested the immediate return of the money. "Can't be done, your lordship," says the cabman, grinning. "Can't! why not?" rejoins the immortal Whig. "Why, my lord, I thought a great nobleman like you of course meant to give me the money as compensation for the honor of driving you; so, as my boots was blessed old, I went and bought a pair—and here they are," pointing to his somewhat shapely legs. "They're werry nice boots, my lord. Some calls 'em Wellingtons; I calls 'em Russells."

the blessed cold days I can call to mind, this blessed morning was the coldest. Do you mean to tell me as they made a botch of it, and let me off?"

"So it appears," replied Dr. Prestwitch, gently; for although a man of some moral courage, he felt himself at a disadvantage in this tête-à-tête—"so it appears. All I know is that you were brought here about an hour ago, and introduced to my notice as an individual who had paid the last penalty of the law."

"Brought here? What for?"

"Well—for—in short, for scientific purposes. My name is Prestwitch, and I am a professor of medicine and surgery."

"WHAT!" roared the restored sufferer; "were you going to cut me up?"

The coiner looked so ferocious as he asked this question that Dr. Prestwitch felt as if his last moment had come.

"Don't excite yourself, my good friend," he remonstrated, mildly. "If things had been as I had every reason to suppose, you would not have felt the slightest inconvenience. The legitimate ends of science would have been promoted without any suffering on your part. How much happier would you have been in that respect than the dogs and rabbits whose vivisection has served to demonstrate the theories of some of our great anatomists! As it is, however, you have some reason to be grateful to me, as you owe me your life."

Dr. Prestwitch glanced toward the door, thinking there was no real necessity that this interview should be prolonged farther, and that this terrible guest of his might be going. Then, all at once, it dawned upon him that there was an obstacle to the coiner's departure. With the exception of the sacking that had muffled him when he was brought to Little Bell Street, he was garmentless; and the sacking was scarcely a costume for a cold winter's night in the streets of London.

"Grateful!" muttered the man. "I don't know as life's much of a favor to a poor devil that doesn't know where to get a mossel of bread; that's marked down by a pack of bloodhounds, and if he doesn't get hung to-day, is pretty safe to get hung to-morrow. You can't give me back my tools, I suppose? I had as pretty a set of moulds and presses as was ever seen, in a cellar down by Lambeth Pallis, for my business, which was a good un until a pal peached upon me. Howsomedever, I make no doubt you meant kindly, and here's my hand upon it."

With that the scoundrel extended a dingy-looking paw, very broad and muscular, the doctor observed, and Martin Prestwitch was fain to accept the friendly invitation, and shake hands with the coiner.

"And now, doctor," said the man, wrapping the sacking round him as closely as he could, and planting himself in the single chair by the fire, which he stirred in a manner that showed no mercy to the doctor's coals—"and now, doctor, since we begin to understand each other, I'll trouble you for something to eat. I had some breakfast at six o'clock this morning—for I wasn't a-going to be put off my feed by Jack Ketch—but I've had nothing since."

"I'll go and see," said Dr. Prestwitch, doubtfully, knowing the slender resources of his larder.

He remembered the beefsteak pudding, which had been put aside for his own supper, and which he could gladly have eaten just now, and he presently returned to the dissecting-room with this savory mess, and a great hunch of bread and cheese. The coiner devoured both, and then looked about him with the air of a man who could have eaten half an ox or so, and to whom this light refreshment seemed about as substantial as a handful of lollipops.

"You haven't got any more of that there puddin', I suppose?" he asked, rather dolefully.

"Not a morsel."

"Nor a slice of cold beef, or any thing in that way?"

"I am sorry to say there is no cold joint in the house."

"And I'm sorry to hear it. You ain't out of bread and cheese, though, I dare say; and I must make up with that. So if you'll bring me the loaf and the cheese, I shall be thankful. Don't take the trouble to cut it. It ain't likely as a gentleman such as you would be able to take the measure of *my* appetite."

Dr. Prestwitch sighed as he went away to comply with this request, distressed to think how bare a look the larder would have next morning at breakfast-time. The quartern loaf was shrunk already, the family cheese was only the remnant of a pale-complexioned specimen of the Dutch kind; but it was impossible to refuse submission to the demands of such a guest; so Martin Prestwitch carried these provisions to the coiner, and laid them on the table before him, with a plate and knife.

"Your house don't seem to be too well supplied with victuals, doctor," said the man, eying the pale-faced cheese with no special favor.

"I am not a rich man," Martin Prestwitch answered, humbly. "I find it a hard thing to live."

"Humph!" muttered the coiner; "that's a common complaint, I suppose. I've had my ups and downs—the fat of the land to-day, and a dry crust to-morrow; and now I've got to begin life again, with the brand of the law upon me, every man's hand against me, and no more mercy to expect from any of 'em than if I was a hunted rat. I should like to know how I'm to set about getting my living when I leave this house to-morrow morning."

Dr. Prestwitch breathed a little more freely. It was some relief to him to learn that this unexpected visitor did contemplate departing in the morning. What a blessed thing it would be to have him gone! It seemed to the perplexed surgeon as if the burden of this nameless criminal's presence had been weighing him down for months.

The coiner made a fierce dart at the pale cheese, and hewed alternate wedges from that and the loaf in a half-absent manner until both were demolished, grumbling to himself the while about the hardness of life, when a poor creature might not manufacture a few guineas for himself without becoming liable to the stiffest penalties of the law.

"And how I'm to begin work again, with all my tools gone, and not a pal as I can trust in, is more than I know," muttered the coiner, audibly.

"I really think, my good friend," Dr. Prestwitch suggested gently, "that in your case I should emigrate. A foreign country—a new country especially, like Nova Scotia—might offer a fair field for"— Dr. Prestwitch did not like to say "coining," but concluded with a polite periphrasis—"your particular line of business."

"Emigrate!" exclaimed the coiner, contemptuously. "How the deuce"—his actual expression was considerably more forcible; but Dr. Prestwitch, who was always a mild man, used to tell this story in the mildest language, only hinting that his guest's vocabulary had been something beyond the common in the way of rude vernacular vigor—"how the deuce is a man to emigrate who hasn't sixpence toward his passage-money? And a nice outfit I've got for emigration!" added the coiner, with a shiver, looking down at the sacking in which he was hugging his burly limbs. "If you want me to emigrate, doctor, you must find the rhino."

"I!" cried Martin Prestwitch, turning a shade paler, though he had been pale enough before. "My good man, what are you dreaming of?"

"Yes, *you*: you brought me back to life, and you're bound to provide for me. I didn't ask you to come any of your reviving dodges over me, did I? I was brought here to be dissected, and it was your duty to dissect me. But you scientific parties are never satisfied without trying your blessed experiments!"

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed Dr. Prestwitch, completely confounded by this blatant ingratitude. "Here is an extraordinary creature! I restore him to life, and he looks upon me as his enemy!"

"I didn't ask to be restored, did I?" grumbled the coiner. "Life's no favor to such as me! Howsomedever, you've revived me, and now you must keep me going; and, in the first place, I'll trouble you for a suit of clothes."

"A suit of clothes!" murmured the surgeon, in a helpless tone.

"Yes. I can't walk about like this; it's against the laws."

"I have not an extensive wardrobe," said Martin Prestwitch; "and even if I had, my garments would scarcely fit you."

"Well, you are but a poor thread-paper of a man, certainly," answered the coiner, who had perhaps devoured more beef in a week than the surgeon was in the habit of consuming in a quarter; "but any clothes are better than none, and I must screw myself into 'em somehow; so turn 'em out, Mr. Doctor."

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed Dr. Prestwitch again, dolefully; "it's like an awful dream."

He went away to do his visitor's bidding. It did really seem to him almost as if he had been walking in his sleep, the victim of some grewsome vision. A cold perspiration bedewed his forehead as he crept up stairs, candle in hand, to search for garments wherewith to clothe that midnight intruder.

He chose the biggest things he could find—a bottle-green riding-coat with a fur collar, that had belonged to his father (a good and substantial garment, which he had cherished with care, intending to have it cut down and adapted for his own wear on some convenient occasion). It went to his heart to part with this treasure, and he felt the fineness of the cloth with a slow, regretful hand, as he flung the garment over his arm. He found a pair of leather knee-breeches that had belonged to the same esteemed parent—a bulkier man than himself; and with these, a clean linen shirt, and a rusty black brocaded waistcoat of his own, garnished with copper lace, he went down stairs.

"I can only *lend* you the coat," he said, as he laid the garments before the coiner; "the breeches and waistcoat you are welcome to keep."

The unknown looked at the things with a somewhat contemptuous expression of countenance, and then proceeded to invest himself in them, splitting the shirt sleeves with his brawny arms, and straining the leathern breeches of the defunct Prestwitch senior with his ponderous legs. The waistcoat he split up the back with a knife, and laced up the opening dextrously with a bit of whip-cord which the doctor procured for him. The coat fitted him comfortably, and concealed all deficiencies; but even then there remained his extremities still unclad—his great bare feet and muscular legs—for which Martin Prestwitch must needs find shoes and stockings. With that bottle-green coat and fur collar the man was too well dressed to go out barefoot.

"As soon as the shops are open, I'll slip out and buy you a pair of shoes and stockings," said the doctor; "but for mercy's sake, man, keep quiet while I'm gone. I wouldn't have my wife know of your being in the house for worlds."

"I'll keep quiet enough," growled the coiner. "These togs are no great shakes; but I feel myself more like a Christian in 'em than I felt in that old sack; and, I say, doctor, you'll give me a trifle of money to set me going again, won't you?"

"Money!" exclaimed Martin Prestwitch. "Why, my good creature, I'm as poor as a church mouse!"

"Come, that won't do," said the coiner. "You doctors make no end of money helping your patients out of this world. It's only fair you should spend a little on a patient that you've helped *into* the world."

The doctor again urged his poverty, but it was no use. His arguments, however reasonable, prevailed nothing against that direful visitant.

"It's no good humbugging, doctor," said the man. "I don't leave this house without a fi'-pun note."

It did happen that Martin Prestwitch possessed the sum of seven pounds ten, amassed by what supreme efforts of economy he and his narrow household only could have told, and honestly set aside for the payment of the Christmas quarter's rent. To part with any of this would be like shedding his heart's blood; but he felt himself utterly unable to cope with this dreadful creature, whom he had given back to the living world; and if the coiner had asked him for his heart's blood instead of a five-pound note, it seemed to Martin Prestwitch that he must needs have given it.

So, after a longish parley, and a desperate endeavor to defend his treasure on the doctor's part, Martin Prestwitch stole up stairs once more in the dead night-time, and crept like a robber to his little hoard, from which he took the five-pound note demanded by his tormentor. He looked at a little Dutch clock in the kitchen before he went back to the dissecting-room—watch he had none—and saw that it wanted still a quarter to three o'clock. The long, dismal winter's night was not half gone yet, and Dr. Prestwitch did not know how much more that resuscitated felon might ask of him before it was done. To think of going to bed was worse than idle; sleep or rest was an impossibility, with that baleful creature upon the premises. Dr. Prestwitch seated himself by the fire, opposite his visitor, and prepared to wait for morning with what patience he might.

Fed and clothed, the intruder was inclined to be social, and expanded considerably as the night wore on, favoring Dr. Prestwitch with numerous glimpses of his past history, exhibiting a career at once adventurous and felonious. Sense of right and wrong seemed altogether wanting to this creature, whose real name, he told the doctor, was Jonathan Blinker, but who had been known to fame by several aliases, the most familiar of which was Captain Flashman.

Day dawned at length—a dull gray winter's morning, the atmosphere heavy with unfallen snow, the bright white ground looking even whiter than it was against the dense leaden sky. When the little Dutch clock in the kitchen struck seven, Martin Prestwitch turned the key of the dissecting-room door, and conjured Mr. Blinker to keep silence; and for one whole hour the two men sat without speaking, Mr. Blinker dozing by the expiring fire, the surgeon listening to Barbara Snaffles's movements as she bustled about, performing her morning duties. Then came the shrill small voices of the children, and then his wife's gentle tones inquiring for the doctor at the dissecting-room door.

"You don't mind being locked in here for half an hour or so, while I go and get those shoes and stockings, do you?" asked Martin of Mr. Blinker, in a whisper.

The coiner looked at him doubtfully.

"You ain't going to sell me, are you?" he said. "You wouldn't go and peach upon a poor devil that you've brought back to life? You wouldn't let me swing a second time for the sake of the reward?"

"Do you take me for a scoundrel?" exclaimed Martin, with suppressed indignation.

"No, I don't, and I'll trust you," answered the other, promptly.

So Dr. Prestwitch went out, and locked the door behind him, to secure his secret from the exploring eyes of Barbara Snaffles.

He had to answer his wife's remonstrances and tender upbraidings. How could he sit up all night, to the peril of his precious health? He told her that his studies had been especially interesting, and the night had slipped away unawares.

"What! didn't it seem long, Martin," she exclaimed, "all those hours down in that cold, dreary room?"

"No, indeed, my love; I never was more comfortable," answered the doctor, with audacious mendacity.

"You ate a good supper, anyhow, Sir," said the familiar Barbara. "Only think, mum; there isn't a mossel of yesterday's quartern, and the Dutch cheese is clean gone!"

Martin Prestwitch slunk off without attempting an answer to this accusation. He muttered something about seeing a patient in the next street, put on his hat, and went out.

It would not do to trifle with Mr. Blinker. The shops must be open by this time, and the coiner might be shod and dispatched. The doctor cheapened a pair of roomy second-hand shoes on a cobbler's stall, and bought a pair of comfortable worsted stockings, of the size which his anatomical eye taught him was likely to suit Mr. Blinker. The half hour had scarcely expired when he turned the key in the dissecting-room door. The coiner was asleep, with his head reposing comfortably upon the operating table.

The shoes and stockings were an admirable fit; and when Dr. Prestwitch had farther provided an old hat, Mr. Blinker presented a tolerably respectable appearance. There was still the question of disguise; but the doctor, after some little search in his surgery, found a pair of green spectacles, which made a considerable alteration in Jonathan Blinker's physiognomy. When these had been assumed, the doctor looked out, saw that the ground was clear, that no inquisitive Barbara or anxious wife was lurking in the shadow of an adjacent door-way, and then ushered Mr. Blinker into the court, rejoiced beyond all measure to be rid of him, even at the cost of a five-pound note and that excellent bottle-green coat.

On the threshold Mr. Blinker turned round.

"I shall give you a look in soon, doctor, to tell you how I get on."

"Oh, don't, if you please," the surgeon cried, piteously. "It would never do for you to come here. You see, my family look upon you in the light of a body, and I don't see how they are to be brought to regard you from any other point of view."

"I sha'n't come to see your family," replied Jonathan Blinker; "I shall come to see you."

With this awful threat he stalked away, looking gigantic in the narrow alley. The doctor closed the door with a groan, and went to the parlor, where the meagre breakfast was neatly laid on the round table by the small bright fire, and where the anxious wife was ready to take alarm at Martin's haggard face.

But Mary Prestwitch's anxious looks were not half so embarrassing as the searching glances of Barbara Snaffles, who regarded the surgeon with a morbid curiosity, as a man who had just left an abnormal employment. She lingered in the room while he ate his breakfast, handing him his coffee-cup and hovering over his solitary egg.

"Is *it* there still?" she asked him, in a stage whisper, while Mrs. Prestwitch was engaged with the three hungry children, the youngest of which was still dependent upon the maternal breast for the most primitive kind of nourishment.

"What do you mean by *it?*" Dr. Prestwitch asked, impatiently.

"Him! The body!"

"No, girl; it's gone."

"Gone? What! you've done with it already?"

"Yes."

"And they've fetched it away?"

"Yes, they've fetched it away."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Barbara, with an injured air: "they must have been in a hurry. I thought I should have seen it this morning. I've seen a many in my time—drowned and otherwise—and I never missed one before. I make no doubt I shall dream of him."

"Dream of him! Nonsense, girl."

"Not having seen him, I make no doubt I shall dream of him," said Barbara, with an air of conviction. "I never missed one before—not if it was three streets off, and the family as it belonged to a'most strangers to me; and to have had one in the same house, and not seen him, seems right-down stupid like."

"Good gracious me!" cried the doctor; "the girl is a perfect vampire!"

"Was it them two as brought him as fetched him away?" Miss Snaffles inquired, curiously.

"Of course," answered the doctor.

"And are they going to bury him in Newgate?"

"I suppose so. There, Bab, go and mind your work, and don't worry me any more about the man. He's gone; that's enough for you."

Heartily did Martin Prestwitch wish that his visitor of last night had indeed been carried away to be safely interred within the prison walls. That farewell threat of Jonathan Blinker's weighed heavy on his soul.

For the first time since he had lived in Little Bell Street Dr. Prestwitch was behindhand with his Christmas rent, to the bewilderment of his faithful wife, who had helped him to save the seven pounds ten so carefully scraped together against the landlord should claim his due.

"It's gone, Mary," the doctor said, dismally, "or at least five pounds ten of it. You see, my dear, I was obliged to part with it."

"But what for, Martin? What could you want five pounds ten for?—you, who never spend money."

"Surgical instruments, my love; a man's first duty is to his profession."

And again Martin Prestwitch hated himself for having lied to the wife of his bosom.

The landlord was displeased, but not implacable. Dr. Prestwitch was a careful tenant, and had shown himself an honest man; so, after grumbling a little, the landlord gave him a month's grace, and went his way.

Jonathan Blinker kept his promise. In the wintry gloaming a great hulking man in a bottle-green coat with a fur collar might have been often seen entering the doctor's surgery from the narrow side-alley, with a furtive, surreptitious air. Here Dr. Prestwitch held converse with him, and was fain to provide some small sum of money against his coming. In time these donations took the form of a weekly allowance, and the accomplished Captain Flashman became a regular pensioner upon the doctor. He always used the same argument when claiming this bounty: Dr. Prestwitch had revived him of his own volition, and was therefore bound to aliment him—to keep him "going," as the captain called it.

Dr. Prestwitch submitted to this imposition with much bitterness of spirit, and many a groan breathed in the solitude of his surgery. He was a man of a gentle and somewhat timorous nature, and he felt himself quite unequal to resist such a claimant; so week by week the poor fellow's brain was racked by the consideration of how he was to provide for Jonathan Blinker. Nor was it money only that his tormentor demanded from him. The ex-coiner was of a hungry temperament, and took it in bad part if there was not some trifling snack provided for him when he paid his weekly visit: whereby the surgeon was fain to have recourse to divers small stratagems in order to set aside the remains of a beefsteak pie or to secure the blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton for the refection of his oppressor. The devoted Barbara did not fail to note the disappearance of these viands, and to remark upon the fitfulness of her master's appetite.

For a long time this secret burden weighed

Martin Prestwitch down to the dust. Life had been a hard struggle before, but it was infinitely harder now, when the small weekly scrapings which he might have saved were all absorbed by the omnivorous Blinker. He woke sometimes in the dead of the night, startled from sleep by the memory of his tormentor, and lay broad awake for hours, brooding over his difficulties.

Mr. Blinker had taken care to impress upon him that the thing he had done was against the law, and that he was liable to some severe penalty for having assisted in the evasion of a condemned felon. Being too benevolent a man to betray his incubus, and not valorous enough to face the difficulties of the case, Dr. Prestwitch submitted to be imposed upon, and received his pensioner as meekly as if Jonathan Blinker had been a creditor armed with a righteous claim against him.

Things went on in this dismal manner for some time, and then there came a gradual change for the better in the doctor's circumstances. Patients dropped in upon him, or sent for him, much oftener than of old. Now it was a summons to attend the birth of some denizen of a slum in St. Giles's, anon he was called to the death-bed of some ancient inhabitant of the Mint; sometimes he was sent for to repair the damages caused by a faction fight in the purlieus of Field Lane, or to operate upon the fractured ribs of some muscular member of the dangerous classes in Bedfordbury. On all these occasions he found that he had been recommended by Jonathan Blinker, who had described him as a perfect master of surgery and physic; and on all these occasions Dr. Prestwitch had reason to suspect that his new clients belonged to the criminal classes. But patients are patients, and these people paid the doctor promptly and liberally when flush of money, and showed themselves honorable whenever he gave them credit. The juvenile population in these quarters was perpetually being increased; and the ladies being uniformly pleased with gentle Martin Prestwitch, one matron recommended him to another, until the gentleman who was usually described among them as "Blinker's doctor" found his practice was really picking up, and his financial position becoming easier.

There were still, however, those dreaded visits of Jonathan Blinker; and it seemed to Dr. Prestwitch as if his whole life was pervaded by that bulky figure in the bottle-green coat, very shiny about the cuffs and elbows and very mangy as to the fur collar by this time. And yet he felt that on the whole he was bound to be grateful to his tormentor, for the ultimate result of the business had been advantageous to himself. He did even try to make some show of gratitude; while Jonathan, on his part, was positively affectionate to his benefactor, declaring himself ready to serve him in any manner, at the hazard of a second suspension *per col.* even.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, doctor," he said. "I'd coin for you if I had a new set of tools, or the money to buy 'em. There!"

The doctor, of course, entreated him to dismiss all ideas of coining from his brain, and to set about leading an honest life; but on this Mr. Blinker would only shake his head dubiously, as not perceiving the relevancy of the proposition.

So things went on for nearly three years. The doctor's three small children had been recruited by an infantine brother, and now numbered four, with the possibility of a fifth looming in the distance. The doctor's practice was better, but it was not a good one, and could not by any means be called an aristocratic or even a genteel practice; nor had the doctor any prospect of being able to remove to a more fashionable locality than Little Bell Street. He could pay the butcher and the baker, however, and had no need to worry himself about his rent; and this, to a man of such modest desires, was enough for contentment.

Mr. Blinker had been his pensioner all this time, and Barbara Snaffles had become quite familiar with the weekly visitor in the bottle-green coat, dimly visible in the gloaming; for whatever the season of the year, Mr. Blinker came only in the twilight. She believed in him firmly as a patient in the corn-chandlery line—Dr. Prestwitch had told her he was a corn-chandler—afflicted with some chronic disease, and one of her master's most profitable customers.

The third year was closing in when the evening and hour of Mr. Blinker's accustomed visit came round without bringing that gentleman to Little Bell Street. It was the first time he had failed to appear with Tuesday evening's dusk since the foundation of this institution, and Dr. Prestwitch passed the remainder of the evening in a state of almost feverish restlessness, with the ex-coiner's allowance in his pocket. Could any thing have happened to Jonathan Blinker? Could it be that this infliction had come to a sudden end?

A second Tuesday came round, and again Mr. Blinker was missing; a third, and then a fourth, with the same result. Dr. Prestwitch felt a wild, half-guilty hope that he should never see Jonathan Blinker again. Yet he was somewhat sorry to think that evil had befallen the missing man, nevertheless; for the surgeon was of a kindly disposition, and the creature had loved him.

Six weeks went by, and there were still no tidings of Mr. Blinker. The surgeon read the police news, expecting to see some record of calamity to his felonious acquaintance; but the scanty news sheet of the day contained no information of the missing Jonathan. If he had suffered, he had suffered under some alias unknown to the doctor. At the end of the six weeks, and while Dr. Prestwitch's wonderment was yet at its height, there came a mysterious brown paper parcel, addressed to the doctor in a queer, cramped hand that he had never seen before. It was a small oblong package, very carefully corded and sealed, yet in a somewhat clumsy manner; and it arrived in the evening, while Martin Prestwitch was enjoying a pleasant interval of repose in the bosom of his family.

The surgeon of Little Bell Street was not the recipient of many parcels. Gifts and offerings of friendship were not showered upon him, even at the most festive season. Christmas brought him no monster turkeys, the new year no costly frivolities for his children in the way of sugar-plums; and his little ones had grown out of infancy without so much as a sponsorial fork and spoon among the four of them. The advent of a parcel, therefore, was a sufficient cause for excitement in the small family circle. The loving little wife's bright eyes grew brighter with pleasure, the two elder children hustled each other at their father's knees in their eagerness to see the parcel opened; and Barbara Snaffles stood open-mouthed and open-eyed at her master's elbow.

The parcel felt very heavy—almost like plate, Dr. Prestwitch thought—and, oh! what an acceptable gift a dozen or so of silver forks and spoons would have been in that humble household! He broke the seals and unfastened the cord with hands that were tremulous with excitement. Inside the brown paper there was a small deal box, roughly made, and with the lid nailed down. There was some work and some delay in raising the lid; but when it was lifted Mary Prestwitch thought the sight she beheld an all-sufficient reward for a hundred times as much trouble.

Comfortably reposing between two layers of cotton-wool appeared a quantity of golden guineas, their yellow brightness pleasingly relieved by a background of crown pieces, fresh from the mint.

"Oh, Martin!" cried the little woman, with clasped hands, "who can have sent us so much money? Thanks be to God, whoever it is!"

For a few moments Dr. Prestwitch did indeed believe that some unknown benefactor had taken compassion upon his poverty, and that the glistening counters before him were genuine coin of the realm. Only moments; and then the image of Jonathan Blinker arose before his dazzled eyes, and he felt assured that these bright reproductions of King George's image were the handiwork of the coiner.

He pushed away his wife's hand as she stretched it out to take one of the guineas.

"Don't excite yourself, Molly," he said, gently. "It isn't real money. It's only some one playing off a practical joke upon me."

"Not real money? Oh, Martin!" exclaimed the wife, with something like a sob.

"No, my love. They look very well, certainly, but there's not a genuine guinea among them; and if you or I were to try to pass one of them, it would be at the hazard of our necks."

"I wouldn't mind trying, though," said the reckless Barbara, "at Bartlemy Fair."

"Bab, I'm ashamed of you!" cried the doctor.

He took up one of the delusive coins between his finger and thumb, and felt the edges with the air of a man learned in metallurgy.

"Examine the milling, my dear," he said, handing the false guinea to his wife. "That is the test."

Mary Prestwitch burst out crying as she looked at the bright simulacrum. It was a bitter disappointment. Five minutes ago she had fancied that a shower of riches had descended upon them; and now it seemed as if the thought of their poverty was a keener pang than it had ever been before.

"Are they really false, Martin?" she asked, piteously.

"As false as any that ever a man was hung for coining," replied the doctor.

He had just come upon a scrap of paper that lurked at the bottom of the box—a brief scrawl from Jonathan Blinker:

"Honerd Sirr," wrote the felon, "I ave gott sum tooles and biggun work agen. I send a fu spessimints, wich may bee yusefull. They wold parse in yr nayburode. Yrs to comand, J. B."

Martin Prestwitch tossed this missive into the fire.

"Oh, Martin, who is it that has played this wicked trick?" asked his wife; "and what was there in that note?"

"Nothing that I could make out, Molly. Don't fret, my darling. I don't suppose the person meant unkindly."

"Not mean unkindly? And to disappoint us like that! Oh, Martin!"

The Christmas snow lay in the retired nooks and by-ways of the great city once more, and the doctor was fourteen years older than at the beginning of this story. But he still lived in Little Bell Street, and still worked very hard to provide for his wife and children. The fact was, he had so many of them that his household expenses for the last fourteen years had been steadily on the increase. He did not grumble at this, however. He could ill have spared one of that merry band.

His circumstances had improved somewhat year by year, but never so much as to justify his removal to a more fashionable neighborhood. His patients belonged to the lower classes, and if he had left Little Bell Street, he must have left his practice behind him. So a whole nosegay of blooming flowers had grown up in that dingy old house, more or less under the dominion of Barbara Snaffles. "Old servants are such hard masters," says Charles Reade; and certainly Barbara ruled the doctor's household with a rod of iron.

There was a great commotion in the family this Christmas. The eldest girl, her mother's namesake, Molly, was going to be married—going to be transplanted into a sphere of life much loftier than that in which her father and mother had their being; for she had been lucky enough to win the affections of a fashionable young doctor, whose father was a physician with a large West End practice; a very proud and pompous gentleman, not a little disposed to consider that his only son was throwing himself away upon pretty Molly Prestwitch.

They were to be married upon the last day of the old year, and poor Molly had had hard work to prepare her simple wedding outfit, with the aid and counsel of Barbara Snaffles. Gentle little Mrs. Prestwitch was something of a cipher in the household, like most mild-tempered women whose lives are taken up with the rearing of children. She was content to look on and see the indefatigable Barbara manage for herself and her family, and it seemed to her that every thing Mistress Snaffles did was wise.

On Christmas-day there was to be a great festival in Little Bell Street. Young Mr. Clemmory—Molly's intended—was to dine with his future father-in-law; and the great Dr. Clemmory himself, of Saville Row, had condescended to accept Martin Prestwitch's invitation to partake of his modest Christmas fare. The fare was to be by no means unworthy of the distinguished guest, however; for Barbara had been up to her eyes in preparations for the last week, and had cheapened one of the finest geese in Leadenhall Market for the feast, which, with a haunch of mutton, a boiled round of beef, and a veal pie, the doctor and his wife agreed would make a very pretty little dinner. They were to dine at three in the afternoon—quite a patrician hour—but young Clemmory had informed them that his father never dined earlier; and as the appointed time drew near, Barbara's nervousness increased to a feverish intensity. She felt that her reputation as a cook and a manager was staked upon this cast.

A little before three Dr. Clemmory and his son arrived, the West End physician a ponderous man, with a fat voice, a powdered wig, a pair of handsome legs in black silk stockings, and a gold-headed cane. The small wainscoted parlor seemed hardly capacious enough for such grand company; and Mrs. Prestwitch was quite fluttered by the importance of her guest.

It was nearly dinner-time, and they were all assembled in the parlor: Molly the younger radiant and blooming in a white muslin frock, with a coral necklace round her slender throat; two younger girls, who looked like smaller repetitions of Molly; three boys, more or less in the hobbledehoy stage of existence, all in clean shirt frills, but showing a little more bony wrist below their coat cuffs than was in accordance with the reigning fashion—poor people's children grow so fast. It was on the stroke of three; Mrs. Prestwitch was wondering how the goose would turn out; whether the haunch of mutton would be roasted to that perfection of culinary art which such a man as Dr. Clemmory had a right to expect in any joint set before him; and whether Barbara would emerge triumphantly from the plum-pudding ordeal, and walk unscathed through the mince-pie furnace. The house was small, and the narrow entrance hall had been odorous with dinner for the last hour or more.

Before the neighboring clocks began to strike the hour, there came a loud double knock at Dr. Prestwitch's door. The surgeon and his wife started and stared at each other aghast. They had invited no other guest; and the advent of a dropper-in upon such an occasion would be an unmixed calamity. Every fork and spoon had been pressed into the service of the day, every inch of the dinner-table was engaged.

The West End physician was laying down the law in his pompous voice, talking about the king and my Lord North and those contumacious Americans; but every other tongue was silent, and Dr. and Mrs. Prestwitch were straining their ears to the utmost to hear the opening of the street-door, and Barbara's parley with the unexpected visitor. There was a long pause: it was not an easy thing for Bab to leave her dinner at the supreme moment of "dishing-up," and it would have been ill manners for a member of the family to leave the room in order to open the street-door. There was a prolonged pause, therefore, during which the church-clocks chimed three with a solemn sound, and the individual who had knocked gave a loud, husky h'm, a sound that sent a cold shiver through Martin Prestwitch, he scarce knew why.

At last the door was opened, and a voice that turned the surgeon's blood to ice was heard inquiring for Dr. Prestwitch. Then a pair of creaking shoes walked down the passage, the parlor door was flung open, and Barbara announced Mr. Jonathan Blinker!

It was the coiner, dressed in a brand-new bottle-green coat and breeches, and a scarlet waistcoat elaborately adorned with gold-lace; the coiner grown stout and red-faced and prosperous-looking; the coiner in a snow-white frilled shirt, and with a new three-cornered hat under his arm.

There was a dead silence. Martin Prestwitch's countenance assumed a sickly hue; the great man from Saville Row stopped suddenly in his lecture, and stared at the new-comer as if waiting for an introduction. Mrs. Prestwitch and the children stared also, but were inclined to consider Mr. Blinker's jovial red face in a favorable aspect. He looked an eminently respectable gentleman of the agricultural class.

"How d'ye do, doctor?" he said, unabashed by the assembly in which he found himself. "I've just come back from America, and I thought I'd give you a look up before I went any where else, even though it was Christmas-day; and I don't mind cutting my Christmas beef with you, if you've no objections."

What could Martin Prestwitch do—a weak soul at the best, and especially feeble where Jonathan Blinker was concerned? He faltered out a half-audible introduction: "Dr. Clemmory, Mr. Blinker; Mr. Clemmory, Mr. Blinker." The physician bowed with an urbane stateliness; good-natured George Clemmory shook hands with the stranger.

"Your arrival is somewhat of a coincidence," said Dr. Clemmory; "we were discussing the aspect of American affairs when you knocked."

Barbara announced dinner before Mr. Blinker could reply. By a rapid and judicious manœuvring of the knives and forks she had contrived to prepare a cover for the uninvited guest, and the coiner took his place among the rest of the company, to the horror of Martin Prestwitch, who knew not what revelations might be made before the meal was finished, and who felt that his face was palpably bedewed with cold perspiration.

The banquet was a success. Dr. Clemmory ate like an alderman, and praised the goose and the haunch until Barbara's countenance glowed with an honorable pride. Mr. Blinker made himself eminently agreeable, talking jovially with the youngsters at his end of the table, and leading the laughter for all Dr. Clemmory's jokes with a stentorian peal. It is true that he put his knife in his mouth a good deal, and supped up his gravy in a painfully audible manner; but people were not so refined in those days, and a prosperous agriculturist might do as much as this without creating a scandal. Altogether things were much better than Martin Prestwitch had expected, and as the evening wore on he began to breathe freely.

After dinner there was a dessert of nuts and oranges. How happy George Clemmory and pretty Molly Prestwitch seemed roasting chestnuts at the fire in the dimly lighted parlor, with all those young brothers and sisters, while their parents conversed more gravely in the dining-room, where there was a steaming bowl of punch! Under the influence of punch the West End physician became wonderfully expansive, and patronized Jonathan Blinker in the most genial manner.

"I like a man of that stamp," he said, afterward, in confidence to Martin Prestwitch; "an honest, jovial fellow, cast in a good mould, Sir—cast in a good mould. There's genuine metal there, Dr. Prestwitch; you can hear the ring of it. The man is sterling coin, Sir."

Martin Prestwitch shivered, and could only reply with a sickly smile.

Before the night was out Dr. Clemmory was obviously the worse or the better for liquor, and had become almost maudlin in his expressions of regard for the ex-coiner. Mr. Blinker had drunk more, but the strong drink had no effect upon him. When the physician's coach came to fetch him away from Little Bell Street he volunteered to set Mr. Blinker down at his inn before driving home, an offer which was accepted, to the horror of Martin Prestwitch.

If Dr. Clemmory had taken a fancy to Mr. Blinker, that worthy, on his part, had taken a fancy to the junior members of the Prestwitch family. He insisted upon kissing the three girls under the mistletoe when he wished them good-night, and wound up by kissing Barbara Snaffles in the passage. He squeezed Martin Prestwitch by the hand upon the threshold, and said, in a confidential voice,

"I think you've been glad to see me, doctor, and I take it kindly. I've not forgot past favors. I've made a bit of money out yonder in the shipping line, and I've left every penny of it to you."

It was the truth; and the bit of money turned out to be a large fortune, which Dr. Prestwitch inherited three years afterward from the grateful Blinker, who expired in the odor of sanctity at his own house at Clapton, sincerely regretted by the young Prestwitches, to whom he had been a kind of fairy godfather, showering benefits and gifts upon them during those concluding years of his life. To the last day of his existence Dr. Clemmory was wont to speak of Mr. Blinker as a model of probity, and the very flower of successful traders and self-made men.

SUDDEN DEATH.

No man dies suddenly. Death surprises no man, but gives all men sufficient warning and notice......Do ye complain of sudden death, that have carried death about ye ever since ye were born? that have been entertained with daily spectacles of carcasses and funerals? that have heard so many sermons upon the subject, and read so many good books on the frailty of life and the certainty of death? Do ye not know that every moment that ye live brings ye nearer to your end? Your clothes wear out; your woods and your houses decay; and yet ye look that your bodies should be immortal! What are the common accidents and diseases of life but warnings to provide yourself for a remove?

"WERRY NICE BOOTS."

Once on a time Lord John Russell called a cab in the evening to carry him from the House of Commons to Chesham Place. To the cabman he gave a coin; but when, with proper care, he balanced his accounts that night, he found 19s. short. He rightly concluded that he had given his driver a sovereign for a shilling. On the following day he asked the waterman in Palace Yard whether he remembered the cabman. The cabman was found. Lord John reminded him of what had occurred. The cabman knew all about it, and acknowledged his rascality. Lord John suggested the immediate return of the money. "Can't be done, your lordship," says the cabman, grinning. "Can't! why not?" rejoins the immortal Whig. "Why, my lord, I thought a great nobleman like you of course meant to give me the money as compensation for the honor of driving you; so, as my boots was blessed old, I went and bought a pair—and here they are," pointing to his somewhat shapely legs. "They're werry nice boots, my lord. Some calls 'em Wellingtons; I calls 'em Russells."